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# ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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RESEARCH EXPERT SAYS:

## AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC FORMULA (Contains no Alcohol) DESTROYS THESE HAIR-KILLING GERMS:

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Look for these symptoms: ITCHY SCALP, DANDRUFF, UNPLEASANT HEAD ODORS, HEAD SCALES, HAIR LOSS. It may be nature's warning of approaching baldness. Be guided by NATURE'S WARNING. Do as thousands do: start using the NEW AND IMPROVED, AMAZING, SCIENTIFIC HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA (it contains no alcohol!).

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My friends remark how much better my hair looks after using your formula for only two weeks. Mr. A. L., Boston, Mass.

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My scalp feels better, my hair looks better, my hair itch is gone; it's the only thing that ever helped my hair. H. H., Chicago, Ill.



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If the NEW AND IMPROVED HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA doesn't live up to your expectations, if you don't feel it's the best thing you ever did for your hair, if your hair and scalp doesn't appear improved, if you are not 100% delighted with it, if after using it for 10 days you don't see an improvement, return the unused portion and your money will be refunded in full. You have nothing to lose, you are the sole judge. SO DON'T DELAY, MAIL COUPON TODAY!

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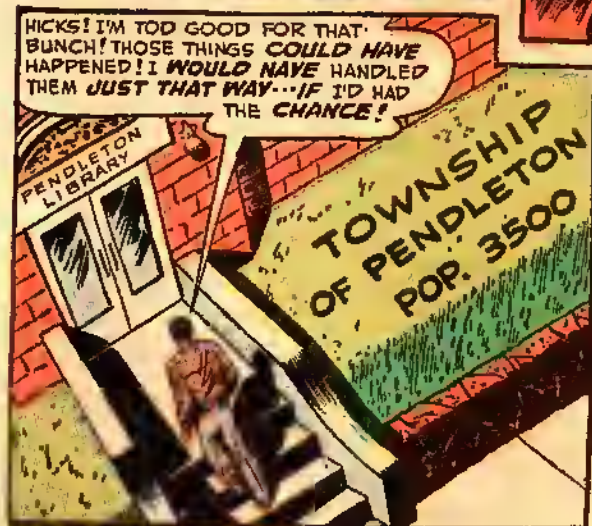
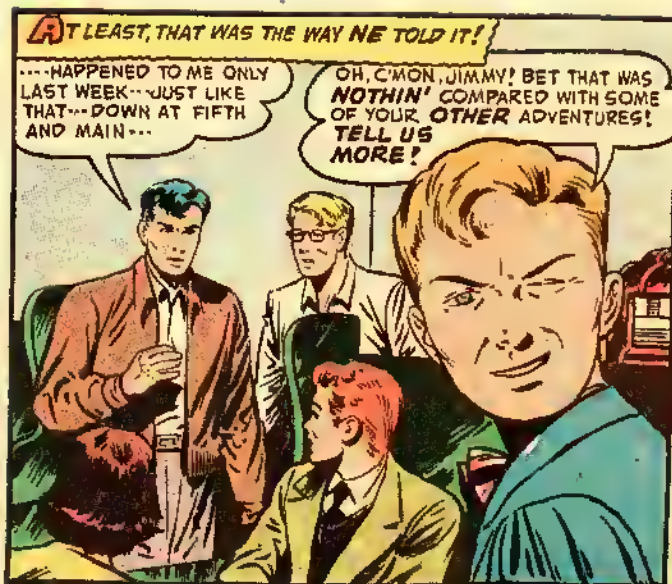


# THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF!

LONG, LONG AGO, THE STORY GOES, THERE WAS A SHEPHERD BOY WHO CRIED WOLF... **ONCE TOO OFTEN!** FOR WHEN THE WOLVES CAME, NO ONE ANSWERED HIS SHOUTS FOR HELP! JIMMY ROGERS HAD NEVER HEARD OF **THAT** BOY... BUT HE, TOO, CRIED WOLF... AND REAPED A STRANGE RETRIBUTION!











JOSIAH PENDLE  
FOUNDED THIS  
TOWN...THEY NAMED  
IT AFTER HIM! I  
OUGHTA FIND WHAT  
I WANT IN THIS  
BOOK...HERE  
IT IS!

JOSIAH

GOSH, HE SOUNDS LIKE A VAIN OLD COOT! BRRR...  
HE **BURNED** TO DEATH HERE AT PENDLE MANOR  
JUST 100 YEARS AGO! COULD BE **HIS GHOST**...  
**AND I**... ARE GONNA HAVE THE LAST LAUGH  
ON THIS ONE-HORSE TOWN!



JIMMY ROGERS HURRIED FROM THE  
LIBRARY! NOW THE INSULTS WOULD BE  
AVENGED...HIS BRUISED EGO WOULD BE  
WHOLE AGAIN! NOW THEY WOULD ALL LISTEN  
...IN FEAR AND WONDER!

SO I SAID TO HER,  
LISTEN BABE...HEY  
...TAKE A PEEK AT  
HIM!

FELLAS...OUT AT  
PENDLE MANOR  
...A...A GHOST...



"I TOLD THEM THAT I'D LONG SUSPECTED THAT THE  
OLD MANOR WAS HAUNTED...THAT WHEN I WENT TO SEE  
FOR MYSELF, THIS HAPPENED!"

WHO...WHO  
ARE YOU?

I...AM...THE SPIRIT  
...OF JOSIAH PENDLE!  
I...HAVE...BEEN...WAITING!  
NOW I WILL CRUSH YOU...  
BODY AND SOUL!



"I SAW THE WONDERING EXPRESS-  
IONS ON THEIR FACES, AND WARMED  
UP TO THE SUBJECT! HERE WAS ONE  
STORY THAT WAS GONNA KNOCK  
'EM DEAD!"

BREATHE YOUR  
LAST, STUPID  
MORTAL!

I'M NOT  
AFRAID OF  
YOU!  
BACK...  
BACK!



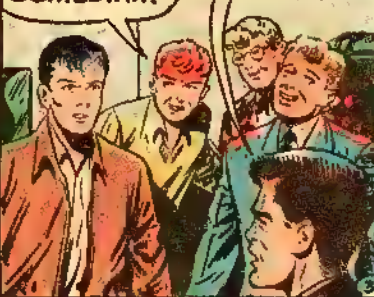
I POUNDED  
AT HIM WITH  
MY FISTS...  
UNTIL I THOUGHT  
OF THE LAMP!  
ALL GHOSTS  
ARE AFRAID OF  
FIRE! HE  
RAN AWAY...  
HE WAS  
AFRAID  
OF ME!



"THEN I CAME RIGHT HERE, RAN  
ALL THE WAY, AND..."

HA-HA-HA-  
HA! HO-HO-  
HO! THAT WAS  
RICH! A GHOST  
...THIS BOY'S A  
COMEDIAN!

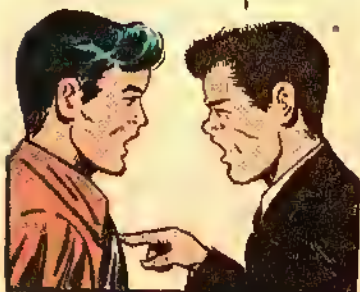
YEAH...A  
COMEDIAN  
...AND A  
LIAR!





WHO ARE YOU CALLING A LIAR? WHY, I DID JUST WHAT I SAID I DID...AND I COULD DO IT AGAIN!

WE'VE GOT YOU WHERE WE WANT NOW! WE'RE GONNA CALL YOUR BLUFF!



NAME THE TIME AND WE'LL BE AT THE "HAUNTED" PENDLE MANOR...WHILE YOU DO IT AGAIN!

I...I WILL...I WILL! ER...SURE! TONIGHT!



"YES, JIMMY HAD CRIED WOLF...AND THIS TIME, THERE WAS NO BACKING OUT! BUT HE HAD A PLAN...AND AT PENDLE MANOR..."

THEY'LL BE HERE RIGHT AFTER NIGHTFALL! I'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT...WITH THE HELP OF THIS DUMMY! LOOKS MORE HUMAN THAN OLD MAN PENDLE EVER DID!



*That night...*

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS CAN WATCH FROM HERE... IT'S TOO DANGEROUS INSIDE! I'LL GO IN...ALONE!



OKAY, GHOST-KILLER, GO INTO YOUR ACT! REMEMBER, WE'LL BE WATCHING...SO TEAR INTO HIM! HAW-HAW!

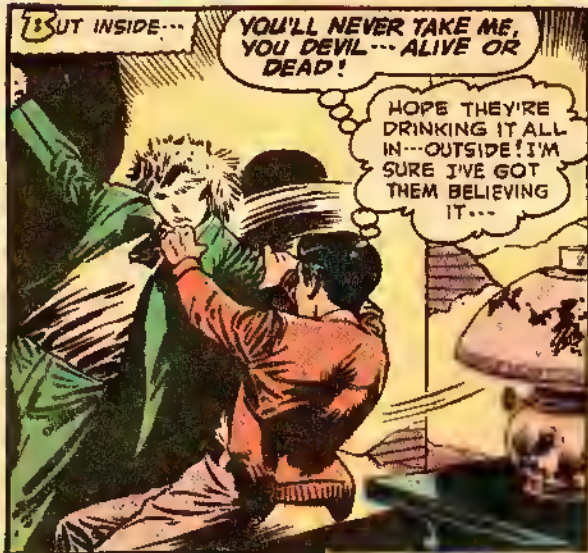
"OUTSIDE, AS DARKNESS THICKENED AND MOONLIGHT BATHED THE RUINS OF THE OLD HOUSE, THERE WAS THE SOUND OF A SUDDEN STRUGGLE...SILHOUETTED SCENES OF HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT! SURELY, THIS MUST BE A DUEL TO THE DEATH BETWEEN A MORTAL AND A CREATURE OF THE UNDEAD!"



BUT INSIDE...

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME, YOU DEVIL...ALIVE OR DEAD!

HOPE THEY'RE DRINKING IT ALL IN...OUTSIDE! I'M SURE I'VE GOT THEM BELIEVING IT...



HUH?

HA-HA! HO-HO-HO! HAW-HAW!





THAT DOES IT...YOU'VE  
MADE THE FRONT  
PAGE OF THE PENDLETON  
CHRONICLE; BOY...**YOU**  
**AND THAT DUMMY!**  
THANKS FOR THE  
TIP, FELLOWS...  
**WHAT A  
STORY!**

WHAT A  
BATTLE!  
**HA-HA!**  
AND  
SOME  
**GHOST!**



THE PENDLETON DAILY CHRONICLE WAS SOLD OUT  
THE NEXT MORNING...

Pendleton Daily Chronicle  
**BATTLE OF THE CENTURY!**  
**JOLTIN' JIMMY ROGERS, 126 lbs.,**  
**VS. JARRIN' JOSIAH PENDLE, ??? lbs!**  
JOSIAH'S NO DUMMY!



Which one is the  
dummy? Read on,  
gentle reader, and  
see...

**FOOLS...FOOLS! IT COULD  
HAVE HAPPENED! BUT EVEN  
IF IT HAD, THEY'D NEVER BE-  
LIEVE ME! I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE  
TOWN...GO AWAY...NO! I'LL  
SHOW THEM ALL...SOME-  
DAY...SOON...**



**ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS, BROODING,  
BITTER, JIMMY ROGERS WANDERED...  
NOT KNOWING, NOR CARING WHERE! YET  
SOMEHOW, HE WAS ON A SUDDEN FAMILIAR  
PATH...TO A SUDDENLY FAMILIAR SPOT...**

THERE IT IS... **PENDLE MANOR!**  
BURNED, ROTTED RUIN... WISH I'D  
NEVER HEARD OF IT! I'LL NEVER  
SET FOOT IN THAT  
PLACE AGAIN!



**"NEVER, BOY...NEVER?" AT  
FIRST, JIMMY THOUGHT HE'D HEARD  
AN ECHO! THEN...IT WAS AS THOUGH  
THE WORDS WERE POUNDING IN HIS  
EARS AGAIN AND AGAIN...AND A VOICE  
WAS DRAWING HIM...LURING HIM...  
TOWARDS THE GUTTED HOUSE!**

**NO! I WON'T GO  
INTO THAT HOUSE!  
NO!**



**AGAINST HIS WILL, EACH STEP LIKE THAT  
OF A CONDEMNED MAN, JIMMY ROGERS  
STUMBLED INTO THE HOUSE!**

I...I COULDN'T HELP IT...I **HAD**  
TO COME IN! BUT...**WHY??**  
WHAT...**WHO**...BROUGHT  
ME IN HERE??



**I BROUGHT  
YOU HERE...  
FOR A  
REASON!**





**"WHO...WHO ARE YOU?" JIMMY QUAVERED. FOR ONCE, HE COULD SAY NO MORE...**

IN LIFE, I WAS **JOSIAH PENOLE!** MARK ME WELL, BOY... DO YOU NOT KNOW ME??

YES... I... I KNOW YOU! LET ME GO... I MEANT YOU NO HARM!

**YOU? YOU ARE A SNIVELING FOOL! BUT... THOSE OTHERS... THEY LAUGHED AT ME... JOSIAH PENOLE! THIS TOWN... MY TOWN... SHALL NOT LIVE TO LAUGH AT ME AGAIN!**

I WILL **DESTROY** IT... THROUGH YOU! YOU WILL OPEN THE DAM... AT MY COMMAND! THE ENTIRE TOWN WILL BE SWEEP AWAY... AND I'LL BE AVENGED!

NO... NO... NO...

**AGAIN HIS OWN WORDS RESOUNDED MOCKINGLY, SARDONICALLY IN JIMMY ROGERS' EARS -- "NO, BOY... NO?" A BURNING, HYPNOTIC GLANCE SEARED HIS FACE LIKE A BLAST OF FLAME! THE WORDS BEATING WITHIN HIS DRUGGED BRAIN CHANGED TO -- "YES... YES!"**

THERE'S THE DAM, RIGHT UP THE ROAD! AND YOU'RE GOING TO DO JUST AS I TELL YOU!

YES... YES...

HEY... WHAT'S GOIN' ON? YOU CAN'T GO UP THERE!

QUICKLY... OVER THIS WAY! THERE IS THE WHEEL THAT OPENS THE SLUICE GATES... **MOVE CLOSER!**

OH, GOOD GOSH, IT'S... A GHOST!

PUT YOUR HANDS ON THE WHEEL! WHEN I SPEAK THE WORDS... YOU WILL LOOSE THE FLOOD... AND **PENOLETON WILL VANISH FROM THE MAP!**

YES...

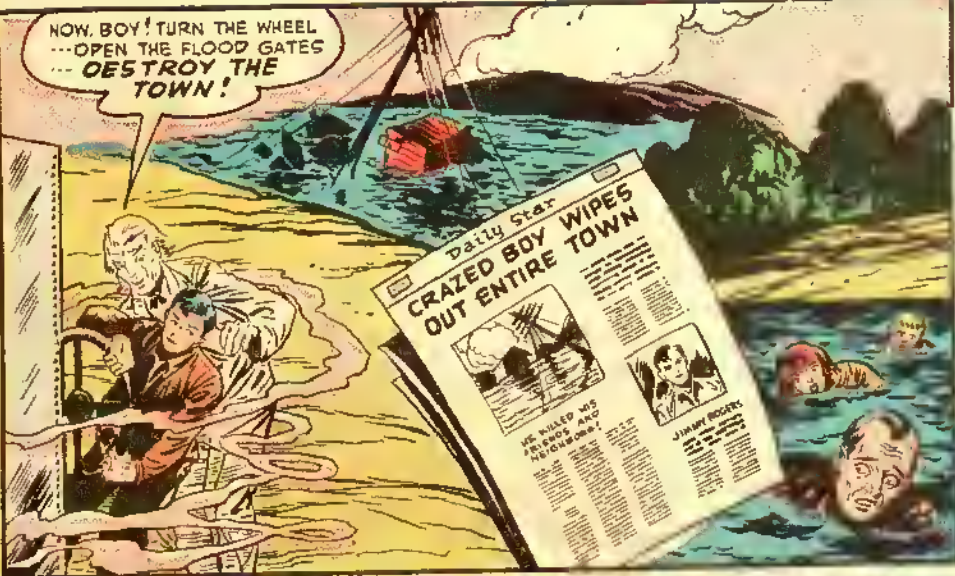
NO, NO! IT CAN'T BE... I'M IMAGININ' THINGS! I... I BETTER GET OUTA HERE...



THEY SAY THAT SOMETIMES, IN A FLASH, ONE CAN LOOK BACK ON HIS ENTIRE EARTHLY SPAN! IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND, MYRIAD SCENES CAN PASS BEFORE HIS EYES... SCENES OF HAPPINESS AND HORROR... LIFE AND... IN THE CASE OF JIMMY ROGERS... DEATH!



NOW, BOY! TURN THE WHEEL... OPEN THE FLOOD GATES... DESTROY THE TOWN!

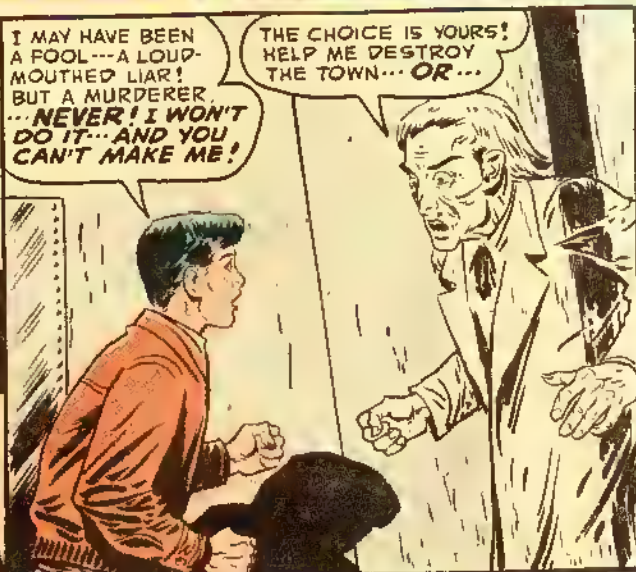


THEY SAY, TOO, THAT A MAN IS ESSENTIALLY DECENT...

NO! I CAN'T!  
NO! NO! NO!

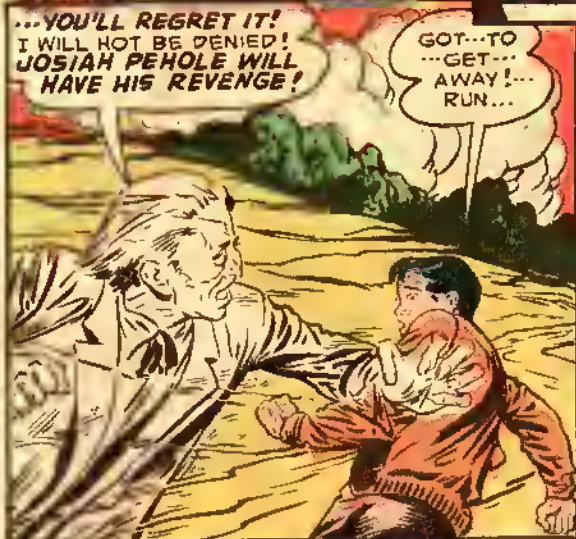
I MAY HAVE BEEN A FOOL... A LOUD-MOULDED LIAR! BUT A MURDERER... NEVER! I WON'T DO IT... AND YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!

THE CHOICE IS YOURS! HELP ME DESTROY THE TOWN... OR...



...YOU'LL REGRET IT! I WILL NOT BE DENIED! JOSIAH PEHOLE WILL HAVE HIS REVENGE!

GOT... TO... GET... AWAY!... RUN...



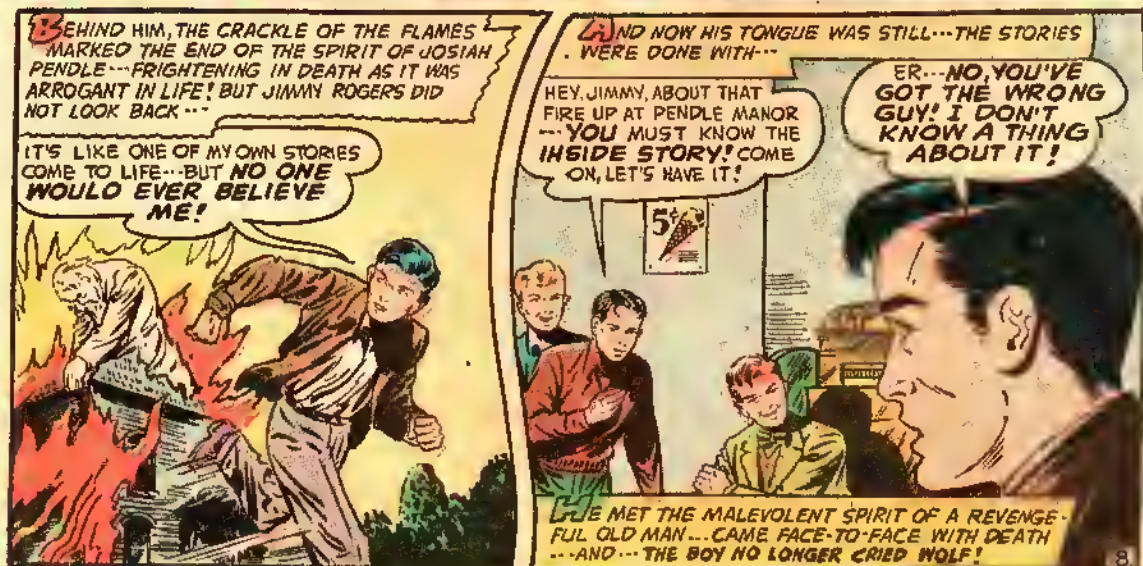
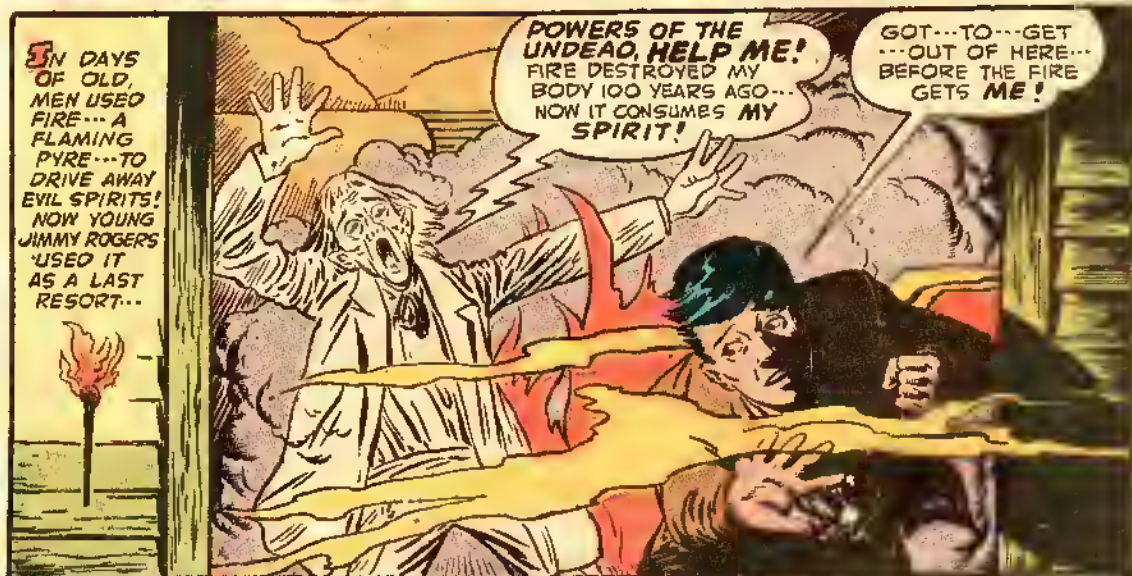
GOLD HANDS OF TERROR CLAWED AT JIMMY! HE RAN... BUT THE SPIRIT MOVED AFTER HIM!

THERE IS NO ESCAPE... NO ESCAPE!

I CAN'T OUTRUN THAT... THAT THING! GOT TO HIDE... GET HELP... THAT HOUSE! MAYBE I'LL BE SAFE THERE...









# ALASKA'S PHANTOM CITY

One of the strangest stories to come from the mouths of explorers is that of the great phantom city high above Alaska's glaciers, unbelievably suspended in the sky! Hard to believe, reader? Perhaps--but not when you know that the city has actually been **PHOTOGRAPHED!**



ONE OF THE EARLY PIONEERS IN ALASKA WAS A MAN NAMED WILLOUGHBY, AFTER WHOM WILLOUGHBY ISLAND WAS NAMED--A MAN TO WHOM THE NATIVE INDIANS TOLD STRANGE TALES!

COME SUMMER MOON...  
SEE HEAP CITY...  
HANGING IN SKY...  
OVER GLACIER! TIME  
COME, I SHOW YOU!

GREAT! I'VE HEARD  
STORIES OF THAT PHAN-  
TOM CITY--AND I BROUGHT  
THIS CAMERA ALONG JUST  
IN CASE I COULD GET A  
SHOT OF IT!



AND THEN, AS REPORTED IN THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE OF FEB. 17, 1901...



WHEN THE PHOTO WAS DEVELOPED...

IT WASN'T A MIRAGE!  
THAT PHANTOM CITY  
IS REAL!



THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY INVESTIGATED WILLOUGHBY'S STORY AND FINALLY CONCLUDED THAT EVERY YEAR, BETWEEN JUNE 21 AND JULY 10, A PHANTOM CITY DOES APPEAR OVER THE GLACIER OF MT. ST. ELIAS! BUT THE PHANTOM CITY ITSELF STILL AWAITS THE COMING OF ITS FIRST EXPLORER-- OF THE MAN WHO WILL MAKE THIS GREATEST ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN!!



# Aunt Mag's CAT

AUNT MAG lived in a shuttered old house with no companion but a huge black cat. Some folks muttered she was wealthy, and others whispered she was a witch. And since witches used to be blamed for everything, it's easy to see how Otie Simmons began to suspect Aunt Mag. His crops were flattened by hail, his cow went dry, and foxes ran off with his chickens—and it didn't take Otie long to figure why! How *else* could Aunt Mag get all that money she was said to have—unless the devil himself paid her for hexing honest people?

Brooding, Otie decided to kill the witch—and steal her miserly hoard to pay for the damage she had caused! Late one night, rifle in hand, Otie prowled through the woods toward Aunt Mag's house. He sneaked up to the window—dreading what would happen to *him* if he failed to kill the witch. There she was, sitting with the black cat on her lap—and it was now or never! Trembling, Otie raised the rifle and fired. As Aunt Mag slumped in her chair, her dress bloodstained, the cat leaped yowling into the shadows.

Otie was nervous about the cat. Everyone knew that a spirit will rise if a cat leaps over the corpse—and Otie didn't want a witch's ghost haunting *him*. But killing the cat wasn't as important as finding Aunt Mag's hoard. Otie searched—from the shadowed room where the old woman sagged in

the chair, to the attic—muffled in a thick shroud of dust. It was here he finally found something—a pool of blood. Who else but a witch could die like *that*—her body downstairs, and her blood glistening on the attic floor? Terrified, Otie fled from the house.

Next day, everyone was talking about the horrible thing that had happened to Aunt Mag—and the whole town turned up at her house. "I've got to go, too!" Otie mumbled to himself. "If I'm the only one who stays away—they'll *know* it was me!" That evening, Otie stood in Aunt Mag's bedroom with a group of silent neighbors. Suddenly—he stared nervously as Aunt Mag's black cat padded toward the bed—its green eyes fixed on Otie!

"It's just a cat," Otie muttered, shivering. "What if it *does* jump over?" And that's just what the cat *did* do—glaring hatefully at Otie as it hounded over Aunt Mag's bed. Slowly, slowly, the figure on the bed stirred—then, as Otie let out a yell of horror, the pale form sat bolt upright! "*I killed her—I killed her!*" habbled Otie, as several men led him out of the house.

"Why, what's wrong with Otie Simmons?" asked Aunt Mag, feebly. "Has he gone crazy?" "Everyone *knows* he's a bit queer!" replied a woman. "Now, just lie back and rest, and try to forget what happened last night—when your poor black cat was shot dead on your lap!"



# Vampire's Castle

ONE OF MY FORMER SQUADRON BUDDIES PICKED UP THIS OLD PARCHMENT DRAWING IN A MUNICH BOOKSTORE, TRUDY! IT'S EXACTLY THE KIND OF MATERIAL I NEED FOR MY BOOK ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF AVIATION!

THAT'S AN AWFULLY CRUDE APPARATUS, BILL---BUT IT CERTAINLY **DOES** SEEM THAT DR. MANUSALA TRIED TO FLY WITH IT AT DOMA CASTLE IN TRANSYLVANIA---WAY BACK IN 1506!

Dr. Manusala. Castellum Doma - 1506  
Transylvania

**W**HAT MYSTERIOUS IMPULSE PROMPTED MAN'S FIRST ATTEMPTS TO FLY? COULD IT HAVE BEEN THE SIGHT OF BATS TWITTERING IN THE DUSK -- THE LEGEND OF VAMPIRES WHOSE BLACK AND FURRY WINGS RUSTLED IN THE GLOOM OF MIDNIGHT?

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN MEN SHUDDERED AND BELIEVED SUCH THINGS -- A TIME THAT REMAINED UNCHANGED IN THE CREAKING CORRIDORS OF THE **VAMPIRE'S CASTLE!**

TRUDY, I'VE LEARNED DOMA CASTLE IS STILL STANDING -- AND I'LL BET A SEARCH OF THE PLACE WOULD UNCOVER THE VERY APPARATUS DR. MANUSALA EXPERIMENTED WITH! LET'S FLY THERE-- AND TAKE ALONG A CAMERA AND DEVELOPING KIT SO WE'LL BE SURE OF GETTING PICTURES FOR MY BOOK!.

SOMETHING LIKE A WARNING CROSSES TRUDY'S MIND -- A VAGUE TREMOR OF DOUBT!

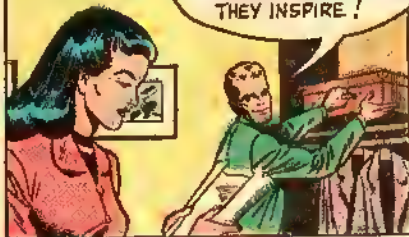
I CAN UNDERSTAND DR. MANUSALA BEING INTERESTED IN FLYING, BILL -- BUT ISN'T IT **STRANGE** THAT HE MODELED THE WINGS AFTER THOSE OF A **BAT** -- RATHER THAN A BIRD?

GOSH, TRUDY..ANY AIRMAN KNOWS THAT A BAT'S WING IS JUST AS EFFICIENT AS A BIRD'S! THERE'S NO REASON WHY DR. MANUSALA SHOULD HAVE AVOIDED BATS--JUST BECAUSE OF THE SUPERSTITIOUS DREAD THEY INSPIRE!

BY NIGHTFALL--BILL'S PLANE IS DRONING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC!

TRANSYLVANIA IS A PRETTY RUGGED COUNTRY -- BUT THE OLD ATLAS I CONSULTED MENTIONED THAT DOMA CASTLE CAN BE UNMISTAKABLY IDENTIFIED!

WONDER WHAT **THAT** MEANS? WHY SHOULD IT BE DIFFERENT FROM ANY **OTHER** CASTLE?





**SEVERAL DAYS LATER -- OVER THE GRIM, CRAGGY UPLANDS OF TRANSYLVANIA --**

WE CAN'T BE TOO FAR FROM DOMA CASTLE, TRUDY -- UNLESS THIS MAP IS OFF!

IT ISN'T, LOOK!



**RIISING STARKLY BELOW -- ITS SPANNING WALLS FORMING A FORBIDDING OUTLINE --**

THERE IT IS, BILL -- AND ITS VERY SHAPE SUGGESTS A BAT!



**AS BILL SWOOPS LOW OVER THE SILENT BATTLEMENTS --**

PROBABLY JUST A QUIRK OF DR. MANUSALA'S! AS FOR THAT HOLLOW TOWER -- THEY OFTEN EXECUTED CRIMINALS BACK IN MEDIEVAL TIMES BY HURLING THEM INTO THE OPENING -- SO THAT THEY'D PLUNGE INTO A DEEP PIT INSIDE THE CASTLE!



**MINUTES LATER --**

GOOD THING WE LANDED BEFORE THIS STORM BROKE, TRUDY! COME ON -- LET'S GET INSIDE!

BILL -- ARE YOU SURE IT WILL BE -- SAFER IN THERE?



**SAFER?** TOO LATE TO THINK OF THAT NOW -- WITH THE DUST OF CENTURIES MUFFLING THEIR FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK AND RAFTERED HALL!

AMAZING THAT THIS PLACE SHOULD BE INTACT -- JUST AS DR. MANUSALA LEFT IT, FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO! THERE'S SOMETHING OLD IN THE ATMOSPHERE --

BILL! OVER THERE -- ON THE WALL!



YES, THERE'S SOMETHING OLD -- VERY OLD -- SOMETHING THAT CLINGS TO THE DARK STONE, ITS EYES GLINTING IN THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM!

ANOTHER ONE, BILL -- ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE HORRID BATS!



RELAX, TRUDY! IT'S JUST A TAPESTRY WALL HANGING -- WITH JEWELLED EYES!

BUT WHY WAS DR. MANUSALA SO HIPPIED ON BATS, BILL?

MAYBE HE DID HAVE A REASON FOR DESIGNING THE WINGS LIKE A BAT'S -- BUT WHY SHAPE THE CASTLE THAT WAY -- AND WHY THIS?





ISN'T IT **NATURAL** THAT AN OLD SCHOLAR -- INTERESTED IN FLYING -- WOULD USE A WINGED CREATURE LIKE A BAT AS HIS EMBLEM? I'M SURE YOUR MIND WILL BE AT REST, TRUDY -- ONCE WE FIND DR. MANUSALA'S WORKROOM!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BILL! LET'S SEE WHERE THIS STAIRWAY LEADS!

DR. MANUSALA WOULD HAVE WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM THE NOISY ACTIVITY OF THE CASTLE -- SO I **THINK** WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! SEE THOSE DOOR HINGES?



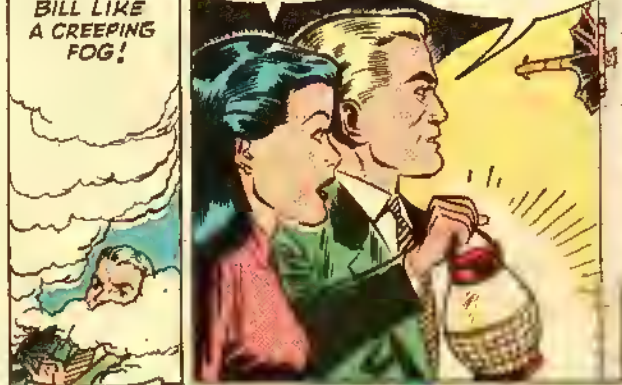
FOR THE FIRST TIME -- A STRANGE AND NAMELESS SUSPICION ENVELOPS BILL LIKE A CREEPING FOG!

YOU CALL THOSE BAT-SHAPEO THINGS JUST AN EMBLEM, BILL -- BUT I'M SCARED -- TERRIFIED!

I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER, MYSELF! BUT LET'S NOT BACK OUT NOW -- WHEN WE'RE SO CLOSE TO THE ANSWER -- **IN THERE!**

**WOW!** IF THIS SETUP IS ANY INDICATION -- **INVENTIONS** WERE JUST DR. MANUSALA'S SIDELINE! HIS **BIG** INTEREST WAS ALCHEMY -- AND **THAT** COVERED EVERYTHING FROM CHEMISTRY TO THE SUPERNATURAL!

IN **THAT** CASE -- THERE'S NO TELLING **WHAT** WE'LL FIND INSIDE THAT DOMED OPENING!

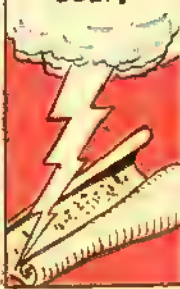


THIS BOOK IS OPEN AT FORMULA 172 -- SO IT MUST BE THE STUFF IN THAT BOTTLE! THE LATIN INSCRIPTION SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN CROSSED OUT HASTILY, JUST AS IF THE FORMULA HAD BEEN DISCARDED -- BUT MAYBE I CAN TRANSLATE IT!

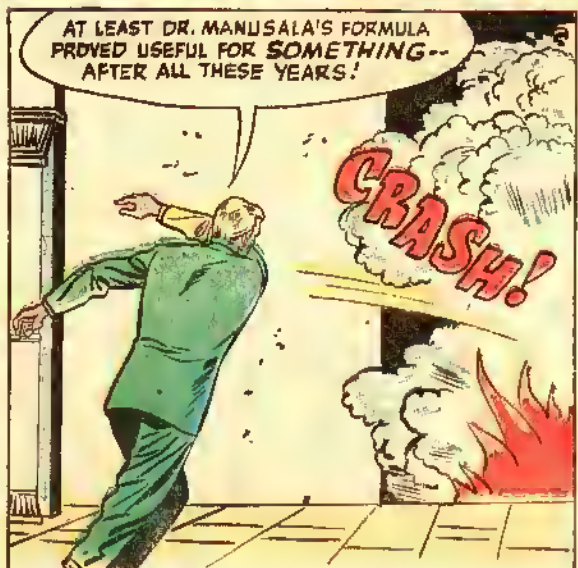
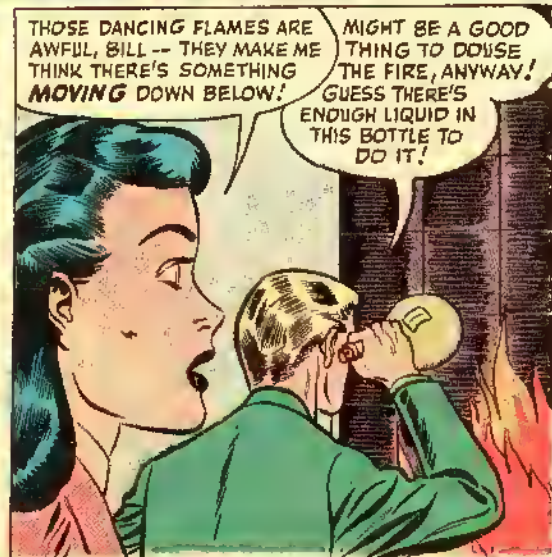
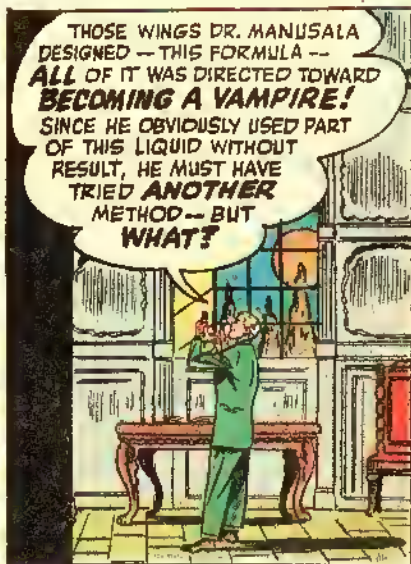
SLOWLY, BILL DECIPHERS THE ANCIENT SCRAWL -- AND THEN -- THE TRUTH ABOUT DR. MANUSALA FLASHES LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT!

"ONE PART WITCH'S BREW, AND ONE PART MOSS FROM A GALLOWS TREE: ADD A BAT -- AND WHEN IT'S DONE, TOUCH IT -- AND A VAMPIRE BE!"

**VAMPIRE!** GREAT GUNS -- MANUSALA IS LATIN, TOO! IT'S A DIRECT TRANSLATION OF CHIROPTERON, OR WINGED HAND -- THE GREEK WORD FOR **BAT!**







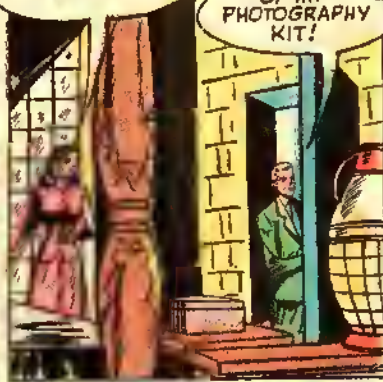


TRUDY, DR. MANUSALA IS **DEAD**-- HE DIED OVER FOUR CENTURIES AGO-- SO THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULDN'T TRY TO GET SOME REST IN ONE OF THE UPSTAIRS CHAMBERS! I HAVEN'T FINISHED LOOKING AROUND YET-- AND BESIDES, IT WOULD BE SUICIDE TO ATTEMPT A TAKEOFF IN **THIS** KIND OF COUNTRY BEFORE DAYLIGHT!



A MOMENT LATER --

I THINK I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, BILL-- BUT WILL YOU BE NEAR ENOUGH TO HEAR ME IF ANYTHING HAPPENS?



NATCH! AND IF IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY MORE SECURE-- THERE'S A GUN AT THE BOTTOM OF MY PHOTOGRAPHY KIT!

AS BILL CROSSES THE ECHOING MAIN HALL --

HAAA! HAA-HAAAA!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A **LAUGH**-- AND IT'S **DIABOLICAL!** WE'VE JUST LEFT DR. MANUSALA'S LABORATORY -- AND I **KNOW** THERE'S NOTHING DOWN THERE!



BUT OUT OF THE PIT BELOW-- LIKE A NIGHTMARE COME TO LIFE --

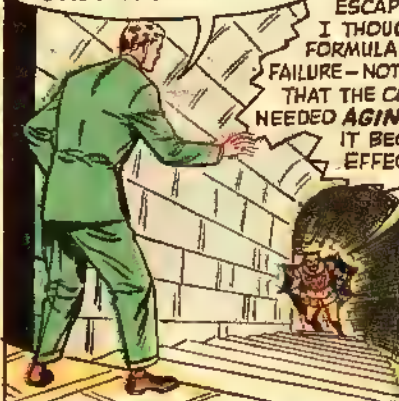
**FOUR HUNDRED YEARS! FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF WAITING--MIDNIGHT AFTER MIDNIGHT -- AND NOW I'M FREE!**



HALF HOPPING-- HALF FLAPPING-- THE TERRIFYING FORM ADVANCES!

I NEEDN'T ASK WHO YOU ARE-- OR WHAT-- BECAUSE I KNOW! **DR. MANUSALA!**

**YOU FOUND THE SECRET THAT HAD ESCAPED ME! I THOUGHT MY FORMULA WAS A FAILURE-- NOT REALIZING THAT THE COMPOUND NEEDED AGING BEFORE IT BECAME EFFECTIVE!**

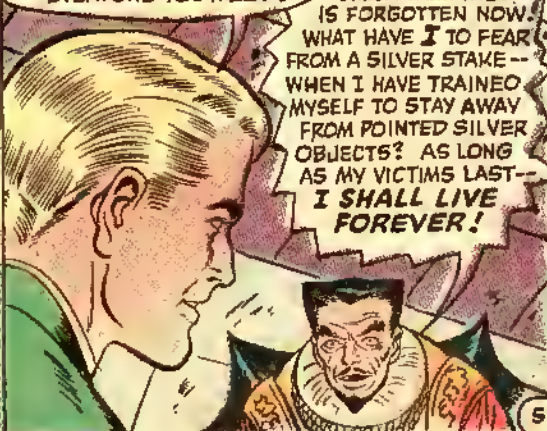


AND IT **HAS** AGED-- LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE IT A POTENCY I NEVER HOPED FOR! CASTING THE LIQUID OVER MY SKELETON HAS RE-CREATED ME AS I WANTED TO BE-- **AS A VAMPIRE!**

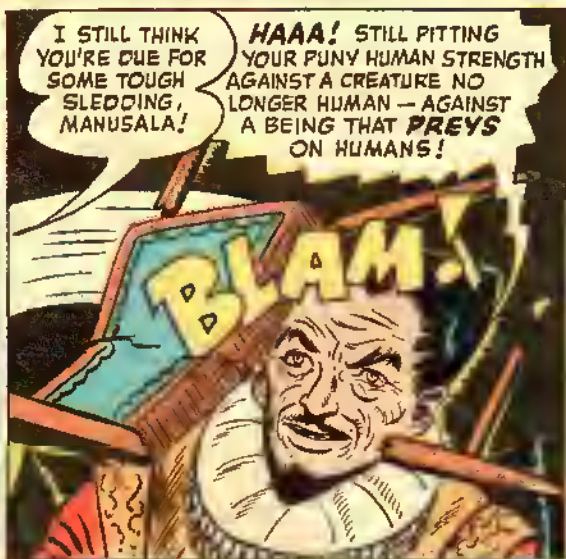
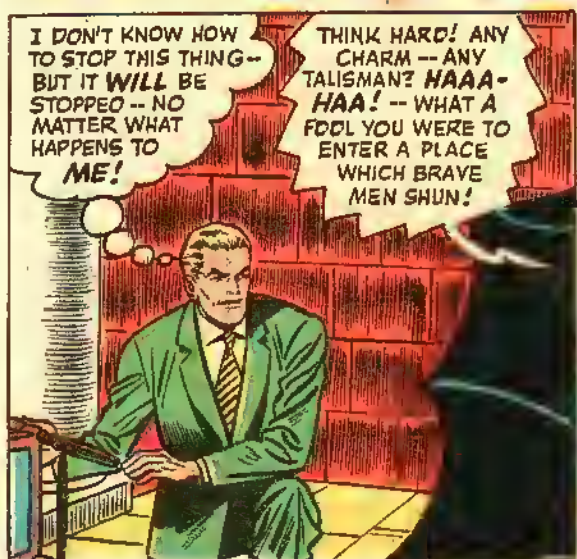
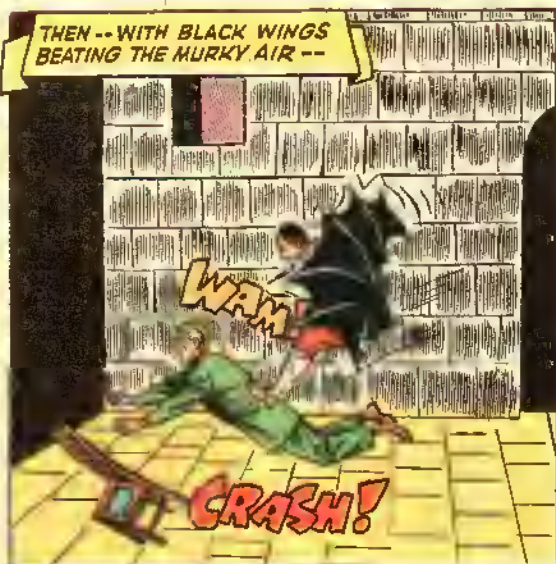


WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO GAIN BY **THAT**, MANUSALA? WHAT CAN YOU POSSIBLY FINE-- BUT THE FEAR AND LOATHING OF EVERYONE YOU MEET?

**IMMORTALITY**-- BECAUSE THE MAGIC THAT WAS ONCE USED TO CHECK VAMPIRES IS FORGOTTEN NOW! WHAT HAVE I TO FEAR FROM A SILVER STAKE-- WHEN I HAVE TRAINED MYSELF TO STAY AWAY FROM POINTED SILVER OBJECTS? AS LONG AS MY VICTIMS LAST-- **I SHALL LIVE FOREVER!**



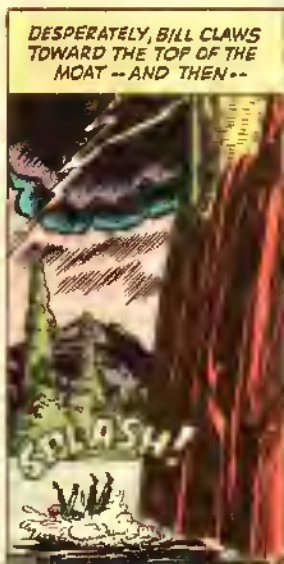








THAT "FIRST VICTIM" MANUSALA MENTIONED IS **TRUDY** -- BUT WHILE I'VE GOT AN OUNCE OF STRENGTH LEFT -- SHE **WON'T BE ALONE!**



DESPERATELY, BILL CLAWS TOWARD THE TOP OF THE MOAT -- AND THEN --

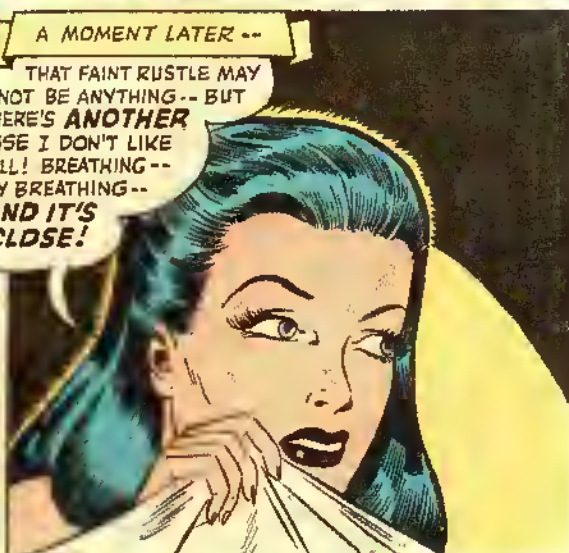


IN A HEADLONG PLUNGE THROUGH THE MURKY DEPTHS --

THERE'S SOMETHING HALF BURIED IN THE MUD --  
**A HALBERD!**

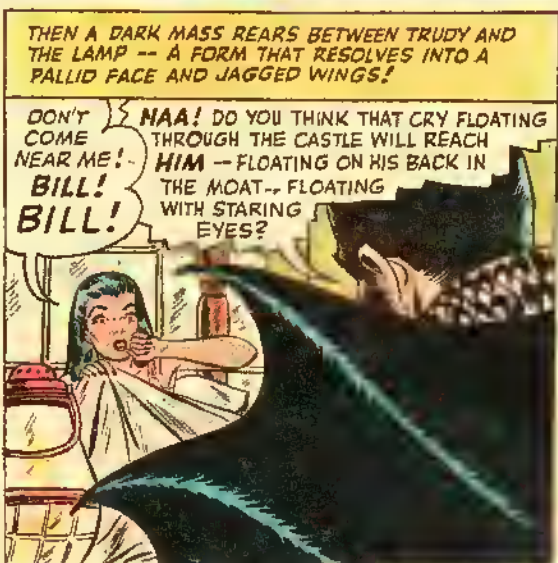


THIS THING MUST HAVE FALLEN INTO THE MOAT DURING SOME FORGOTTEN SKIRMISH CENTURIES AGO -- AND IT'S CERTAINLY COMING IN **HANDY NOW!**



A MOMENT LATER --

THAT FAINT RUSTLE MAY NOT BE ANYTHING -- BUT THERE'S **ANOTHER** NOISE I DON'T LIKE AT ALL! BREATHING -- HEAVY BREATHING -- **AND IT'S CLOSE!**



THEN A DARK MASS REARS BETWEEN TRUDY AND THE LAMP -- A FORM THAT RESOLVES INTO A PALLID FACE AND JAGGED WINGS!

DON'T COME NEAR ME! -- **BILL! BILL!**

**HAA!** DO YOU THINK THAT CRY FLOATING THROUGH THE CASTLE WILL REACH **HIM** -- FLOATING ON HIS BACK IN THE MOAT -- FLOATING WITH STARING EYES?



THAT'S QUITE A GHASTLY PICTURE, MANUSALA -- ONLY **I'M NOT** IN IT!

YOU DON'T THINK SO, HAH? **WE'LL SEE!**



AS THE WAXEN, GAPING FEATURES LOOM CLOSER --

TEN PACES SEPARATE US--TEN SECONDS-- BEFORE I FINISH YOU FOREVER!

REMEMBER SAYING YOU'D NEVER BE TRAPPED BY A SILVER OBJECT, MANUSALA? WELL --



ARRRGH!

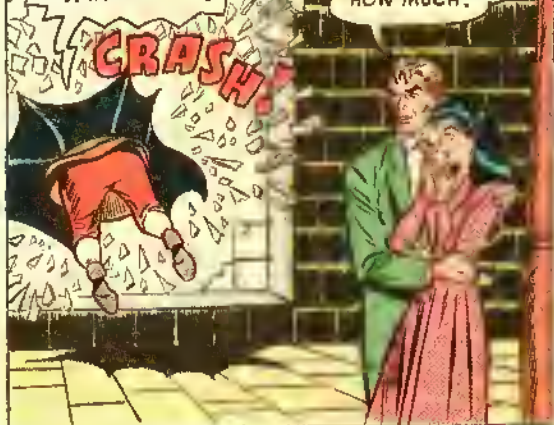
THERE'S A FORM OF SILVER YOU NEVER EXPECTED, BECAUSE IT WAS DISCOVERED LONG AFTER YOU DIED -- SILVER CHLORIDE!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT --

SILVER.. SILVER.. THE CURSE -- OF VAMPIRES!

I THOUGHT WE'D NEED THAT PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT -- BUT I NEVER GUESSED HOW MUCH!



DR. MANUSALA HAS TIME FOR JUST ONE WILD, FLURRYING SWOOP -- AND THEN --

THE TOWER! NO--NO-- NOT THE PIT AGAIN-- THE DARKNESS AND DRIFTING DUST-- AAGHHHH!



SOUNDING HOLLOWLY FROM THE STONE DEPTHS --

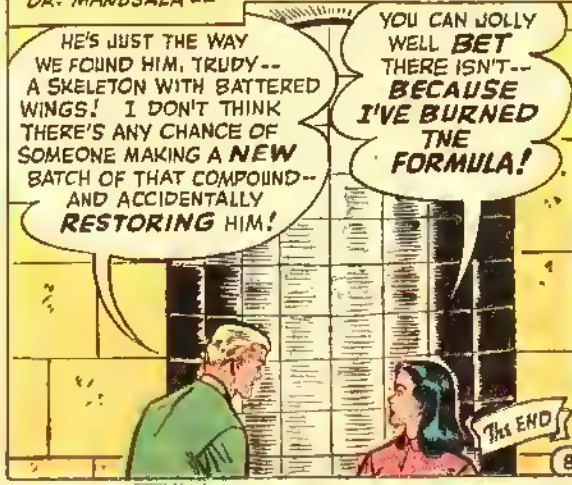
YES, IT *IS* THE PIT AGAIN--AND *THIS* TIME I THINK HE'LL STAY THERE!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CENTURIES, A PEACEFUL HUSH FALLS OVER THE VAMPIRE'S CASTLE -- AND AS BILL AND TRUDY RETURN TO THE SECRET CHAMBER OF DR. MANUSALA --

HE'S JUST THE WAY WE FOUND HIM, TRUDY-- A SKELETON WITH BATTERED WINGS! I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF SOMEONE MAKING A NEW BATCH OF THAT COMPOUND-- AND ACCIDENTALLY RESTORING HIM!

YOU CAN JOLLY WELL BET THERE ISN'T-- BECAUSE I'VE BURNED THE FORMULA!



THE END





BIGGER'N BETTER BUBBLES-

PRICE- A PENNY A PIECE-

AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT..

1¢

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.

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# SEEING RABBITS

JOHN MARA, who'd had too much to drink, stared at the strange, rocket-like machine that his headlights picked up along the side of the lonely country road. For a moment, he thought it might be real, but when he saw the large pink rabbit standing upright on its hind legs near the machine, he chortled happily. "Haw, I'm seein' rabbits again," he giggled.

On a sudden impulse, the intoxicated man pulled over to the side of the road and stopped in front of the rabbit. "Hey, wanna ride?" he shouted.

The rabbit stared coldly at him for a moment and then said distinctly, "Yes, I think I do. Just wait a moment while I set my robo-ship controls on a course that will follow us."

As the rabbit disappeared into the interior of his strange ship, Mara slapped his thigh uproariously. "I sure musta had plenty—this is the first time I've heard rabbits *talk*!"

A moment later, the rabbit reappeared, got into the car and slammed the door behind it. Delighted with his imaginary company, Mara said, "Where yuh comin' from—an' where yuh goin'?"

The rabbit's whiskers ruffled contemptuously. "I come from a world whose name I'm sure you don't know—I'm going to the city—to city *after* city—to wipe them and all their inhabitants from the face of this planet!"

Mara roared with laughter. "Haw, haw, what a joke! If yuh come from another world, how do yuh know how to speak English?"

The rabbit snorted impatiently. "Be-

cause all of us *Rhus* are telepathic—and I can read your mind and instantly understand your language! Of course, I'm exaggerating when I say you *have* a mind. You stupid humans will be no opposition to me whatsoever when I turn the *Rhu* weapons against you—and when the whole planet is free, all the excess population of my world will come here to settle!"

John Mara roared with merriment. "Yuh sure are a hot one!" he gasped. "I seen a lot o' pink rabbits that walked around on their hind legs and acted human—just as I've seen a lot o' pink elephants an' snakes—but this is the first time I've seen a pink rabbit that *talks*!"

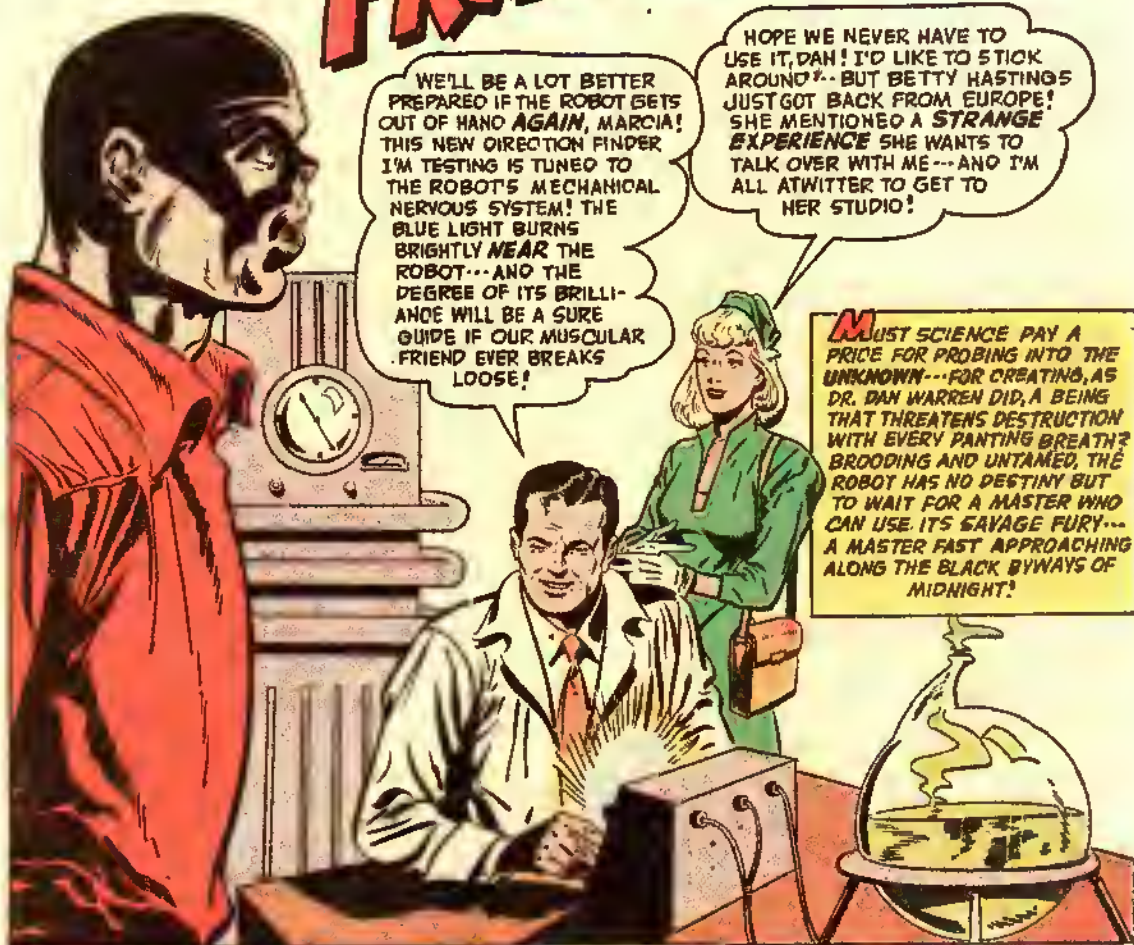
"*WHAT?*" the rabbit shouted. "You mean *other* pink *Rhus* have come to this world? You . . . you must mean the *out-law* *Rhus*—the mute ones who never speak! They are our mortal enemies—they are far more powerful than we are! And if the mute *Rhus* have already arrived here, this world is unsafe for us—I will have to return and give the warning to my people to seek some other world—perhaps Mars!"

Suddenly, before Mara knew what was happening, the rabbit got the door open, leaped up to its robo-ship that hovered just above the car, and disappeared in a roar of rocket tubes.

Grinning, John Mara shook his head. "Boy, I got a real case of the D.T.'s! I'd better pull over and sleep this binge off!" And he stopped the car at the side of the road and lay down on the seat the rabbit had occupied, his head nestled among a few stray rabbit hairs.



# SPIRIT of FRANKENSTEIN





OR, IT'S SILLY TO MENTION IT, BETTY... BUT **THIS** REMINDS ME OF THOSE HUGE BIRDS I SAW CIRCLING... JUST AS I DROVE UP!



YOU SAW THOSE THINGS... **HERE?** GOOD HEAVENS, MARCIA... **THAT'S** WHAT I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL MYSELF I **IMAGINED** I SAW A FLOCK OF WEIRD, FLAPPING THINGS FOLLOWING THE SHIP I TOOK FROM EUROPE... **CLEAR ACROSS THE ATLANTIC!**



WE... WE CAN'T **BOTH** BE THE VICTIMS OF THE SAME HALLUCINATION! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER PASSENGERS... **DID THEY** NOTICE THE CREATURES?

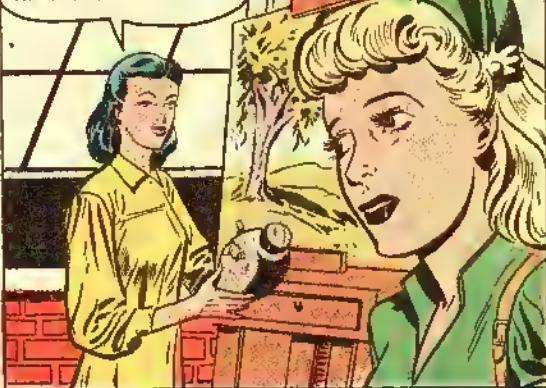


WE HAD A STORMY CROSSING... SO FEW PEOPLE CAME ON DECK THROUGHOUT THE VOYAGE! BESIDES... THE IDEA OF MONSTROUS BIRDS FOLLOWING THE SHIP SEEMED SO CRAZY I DIDN'T DARE MENTION IT TO ANYONE! THE THINGS WHEELED SO HIGH THAT I NEVER REALLY GOT A GOOD LOOK AT THEM... JUST THEIR BROAD, STRANGELY-GLOWING WINGS!

AT FIRST, I WAS CURIOUS ABOUT THEM... BUT **THAT** CHANGED TO SHEER FRIGHT WHEN I NOTICED THAT THE FLAPPING FIGURES MYSTERIOUSLY **DISAPPEARED**... EVERY FOUR HOURS! EACH TIME, I'D GLANCE SKYWARD AFTER A FEW MINUTES... AND THEY'D BE BACK... **LIKE HORRIBLE SHADOWS I COULDN'T LOSE!**

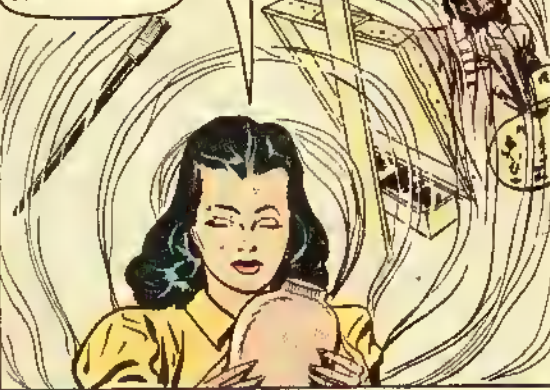


IT NEVER OCCURED TO **ME** THAT THERE MIGHT BE A CONNECTION BETWEEN **THEM** AND THIS CARVED FIGURE! OH, MARCIA... I'M BEGINNING TO WISH I HAD THROWN THE JAR OVERBOARD!



BETTY... WHAT'S IN THAT THING?

THE GREAT PAINTERS OF THE 16TH CENTURY USED A BROWN PIGMENT PREPARED FROM A SECRET POWDER, MARCIA... AND IT PRODUCED EFFECTS NO MODERN ARTIST HAS BEEN ABLE TO DUPLICATE! THAT'S WHY I WAS SO ELATED WHEN I FOUND THAT ENTIRE JAR **FULL** OF THE STUFF... AT AN OLD ART STORE IN PARIS!



JUST A JAR OF PIGMENT? CRIMPERS... I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING VERY SPOOKY ABOUT **THAT!**

EXCEPT FOR ONE THING! FOR SOME REASON... THE POWDER HAS ALWAYS BEEN KNOWN AS **"MUMMY"**!



**SUDDENLY... A BLURRED SHADOW RIPPLES ACROSS THE SKYLIGHT!**

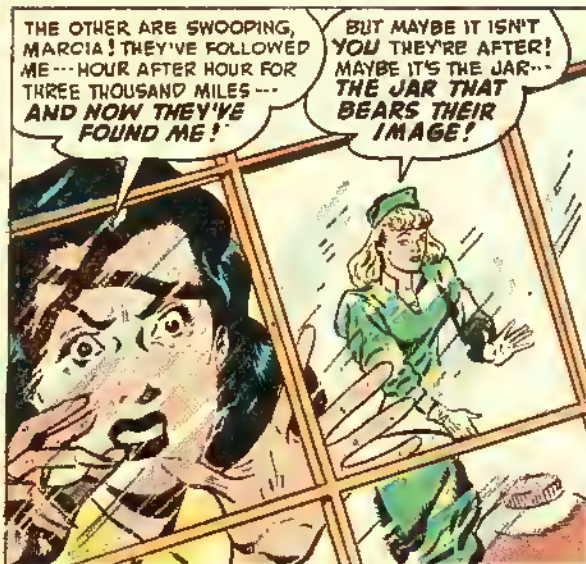


SOMETHING'S PEERING IN... SOMETHING... **HIDEOUS!**





IT'S ONE OF THOSE FLAPPING THINGS... WITH A FACE... A FACE THAT ISN'T ALIVE!



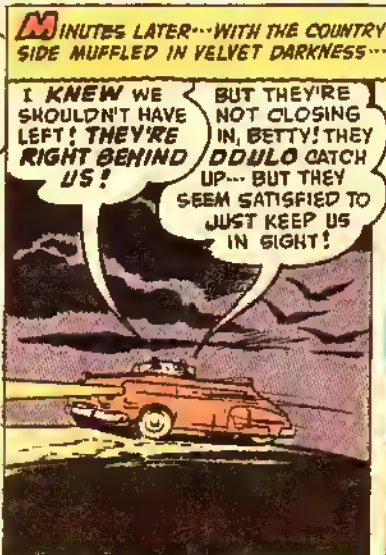
THE OTHER ARE SWOOPING, MARCIA! THEY'VE FOLLOWED ME... HOUR AFTER HOUR FOR THREE THOUSAND MILES... AND NOW THEY'VE FOUND ME!

BUT MAYBE IT ISN'T YOU THEY'RE AFTER! MAYBE IT'S THE JAR... THE JAR THAT BEARS THEIR IMAGE!



WE CAN'T GO OUT, MARCIA... NOT WITH THEM FLUTTERING IN THE DARKNESS!

I KNOW IT'S RISKY... BUT WE'VE GOT TO REACH DAN WARREN'S LABORATORY! HE'LL KNOW NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS MUMMY POWDER IS... AND HOW TO COPE WITH THOSE THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN ATTRACTED TO IT!



MINUTES LATER... WITH THE COUNTRY SIDE MUFFLED IN VELVET DARKNESS...

I KNEW WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT! THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US!

BUT THEY'RE NOT CLOSING IN, BETTY! THEY DOULO CATCH UP... BUT THEY SEEM SATISFIED TO JUST KEEP US IN SIGHT!



SOON AFTERWARD... WITH DAN'S LABORATORY FLOODED BY THE GHOSTLY BLUE LIGHT FROM THE DIRECTION FINDER...

I CAN'T WAIT TO HAVE DAN TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE THINGS! HE USUALLY SCOFS AT ANYTHING HINTING OF THE SUPERNATURAL... UNLESS HE'S SEEN IT HIMSELF!

HE'S SURE TO SCOFF THIS TIME... BECAUSE I'VE JUST WATCHED THOSE CREATURES FADE OFF... AND VANISH!



HI, THERE! GLAD YOU TWO DROPPED AROUND... I WANT SOMEONE TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE ROBOT WHILE I GO OUT FOR A TEST! IF THE DIRECTION FINDER IS WORKING AS IT SHOULD... THE LIGHT WILL GROW PROGRESSIVELY DIMMER AS I TRAVEL FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY FROM THE ROBOT!

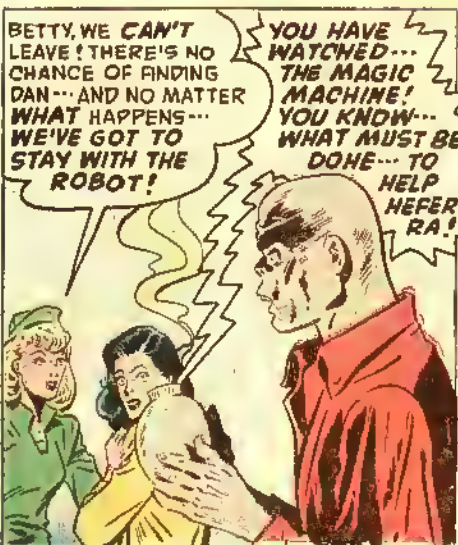
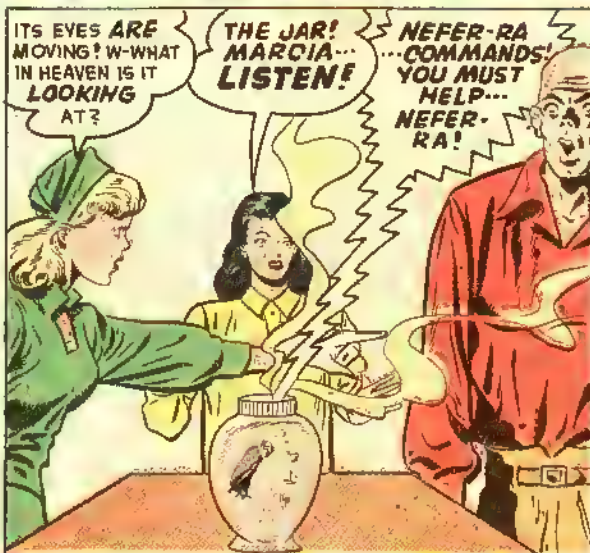
DAN, WAIT... THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'VE JUST GOT TO HEAR ABOUT!



I KNOW YOU'RE NONE TOO KEEN ON STAYING IN THE LAB WITH THE ROBOT, HONEY... BUT UNPREDICTABLE AS THE CRITTER IS, IT'S NEVER RAISED A FINGER TO YOU! THERE'S NOTHING TO GET JUMPY ABOUT... JUST SIT AROUND AND TALK FOR A HALF-HOUR, UNTIL I GET BACK!

B-BUT DAN... IF YOU'D ONLY LISTEN...







**B**UT SOONER STOP A LANDSLIDE...THAN THE BELLOWING BRUTE THAT ANSWERS A SUMMONS FROM THE BEYOND!



NOW I KNOW IT'S UNDER SOME EVIL GUIDANCE...ONE THAT NOT EVEN OAN COULD HANDLE!

**A**S THE ROBOT PAUSES BEFORE THE BANKED SWITCHES ON THE CONTROL PANEL...



IT DOES REMEMBER, BETTY...IT'S ABOUT TO TRAIN THE CYCLOTRON'S LOW-POWER BEAM ON THE JAR!

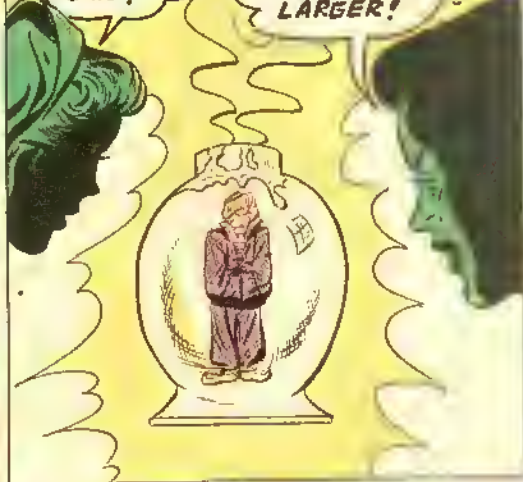
YOU HAVE WATCHEO...YOU REMEMBER! NEFER-RA...COMMANDS!

**H**ALF A MILLION CRACKLING VOLTS...A JAGGED SURGE BRIDGING LIFE AND DEATH...AND THE ROBOT DROPS THE SWITCH!



DO YOU SEE THAT...INSIDE THE JAR?

IT'S A HUMAN FIGURE...AND IT'S GETTING LARGER AND LARGER!



**S**UDDENLY...AS IF A TOMB SPEWED OUT A THING THAT NEVER DIED...

**BLAW!** FOR THREE THOUSAND YEARS...NEFER-RA HAS WAITED...TO BE FREE! FOR THREE THOUSAND YEARS...NEFER-RA HAS WAITED...FOR A WILLING SLAVE!



I DON'T KNOW WHO NEFER-RA IS, OR WHAT HE INTENDS DOING WITH THE ROBOT...BUT NOTHING, HUMAN OR SUPER-NATURAL, CAN WITHSTAND THE FULL FORCE OF THE CYCLOTRON! IF I CAN ONLY REACH THE RIGHT DIAL...AND STEP UP THE CURRENT...!

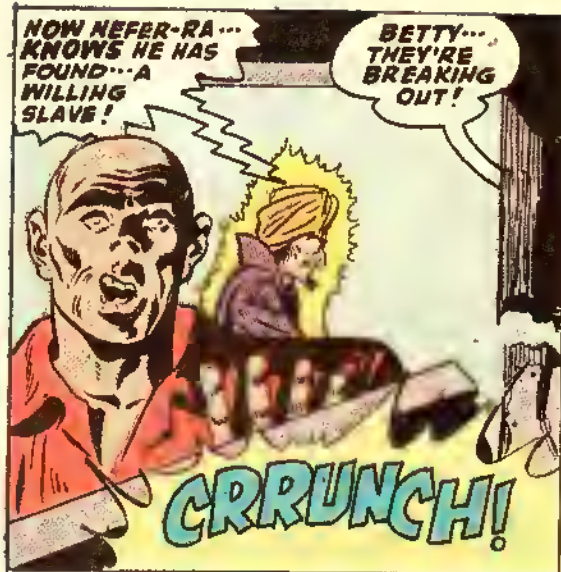


**S**PURRED BY A FLASH OF FIENDISH UNDERSTANDING...THE ROBOT REARS!



GOOD HEAVENS!





**AS THE FEAR-SOME FIGURES FADE INTO THE GULF OF NIGHT...**



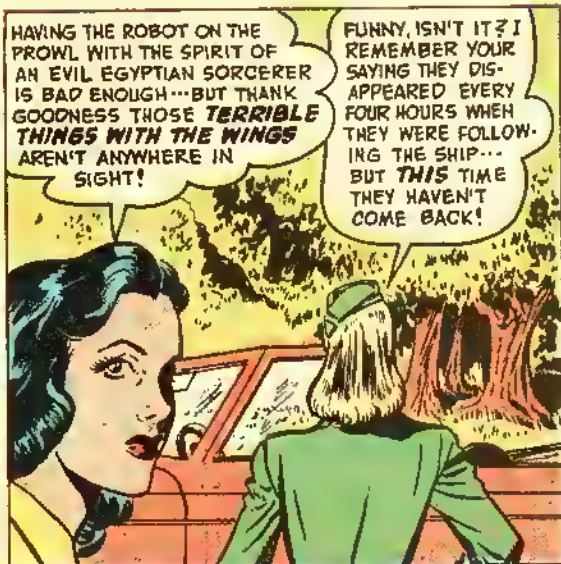
**NEFER-RA SAID HE HAD BEEN WAITING THREE THOUSAND YEARS... WHICH MEANS HE MUST HAVE DIED AROUND 1000 B.C.!**

**WAIT...THERE HE IS! NEFER-RA...ROYAL SORCERER IN THE COURT OF RAMESES IV!**

**FOR THIRTY YEARS, THE INFAMOUS NEFER-RA WAS THE REAL RULER OF EGYPT...AND THOUSANDS DIED THROUGH HIS BLACK MAGIC! WHEN THE WIZARD'S CHARMED LIFE CAME TO AN END, HIS DEATH WAS ASCRIBED TO A CURSE BY THE SPIRITS OF THOSE HE HAD SLAIN!**

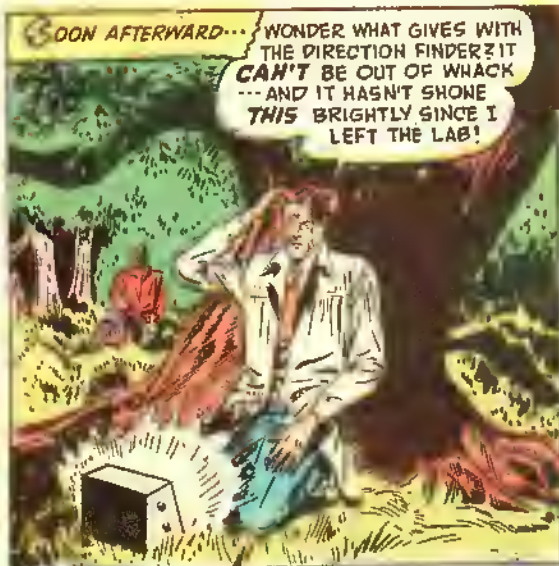






HAVING THE ROBOT ON THE PROWL WITH THE SPIRIT OF AN EVIL EGYPTIAN SORCERER IS BAD ENOUGH...BUT THANK GOODNESS THOSE **TERRIBLE THINGS WITH THE WINGS** AREN'T ANYWHERE IN SIGHT!

FUNNY, ISN'T IT? I REMEMBER YOUR SAYING THEY DISAPPEARED EVERY FOUR HOURS WHEN THEY WERE FOLLOWING THE SHIP... BUT **THIS TIME** THEY HAVEN'T COME BACK!



SOON AFTERWARD... WONDER WHAT GIVES WITH THE DIRECTION FINDER? IT **CAN'T** BE OUT OF WHACK...AND IT HASN'T SHONE **THIS** BRIGHTLY SINCE I LEFT THE LAB!



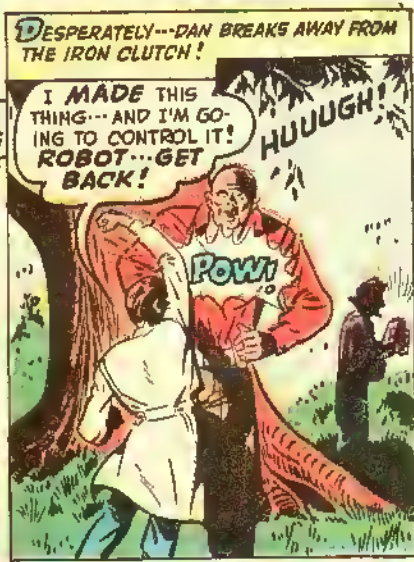
NOPE...THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THE MECHANISM! THE ROBOT'S SOMEWHERE AROUND...AND **CLOSE!**



THEN...LIKE A NIGHTMARE CRASHING INTO REALITY...

**YARRGH!**

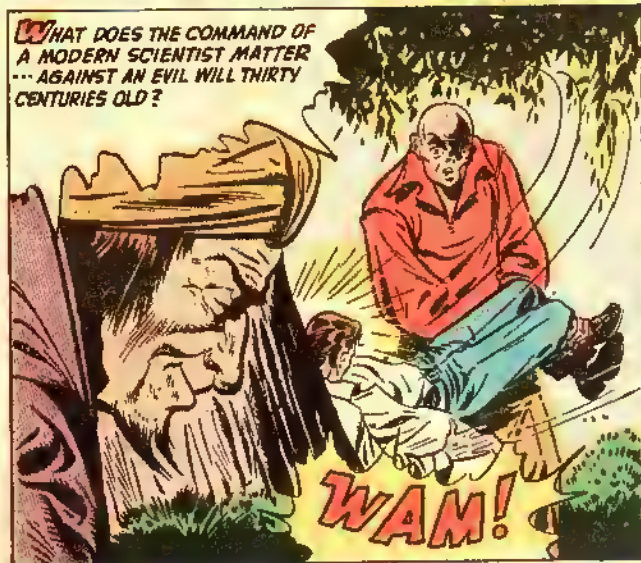
NOW... NEFER-RA... IS SAFE! WHILE NEFER-RA... HAS THIS... THE CREATURES HE FEARS... CANNOT FIND HIM!



DESPERATELY...DAN BREAKS AWAY FROM THE IRON CLUTCH!

I MADE THIS THING...AND I'M GOING TO CONTROL IT! ROBOT...GET BACK!

**HUUUGH!**



WHAT DOES THE COMMAND OF A MODERN SCIENTIST MATTER...AGAINST AN EVIL WILL THIRTY CENTURIES OLD?

**WAM!**

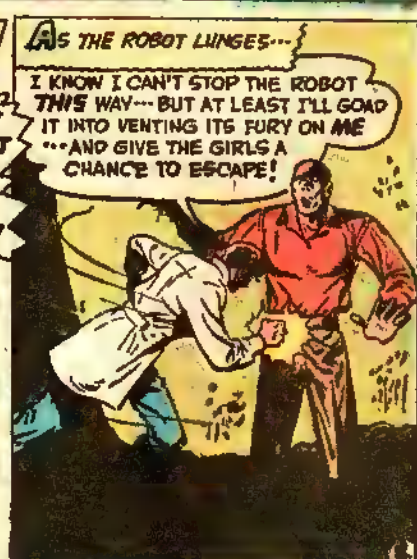
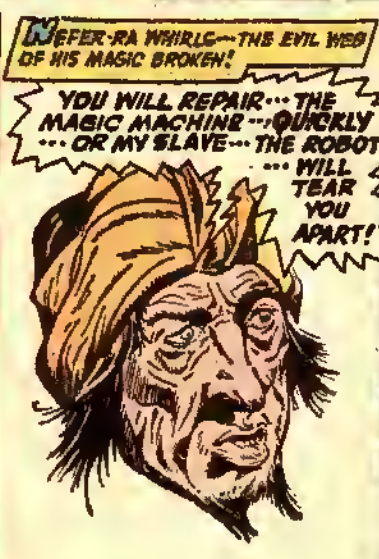
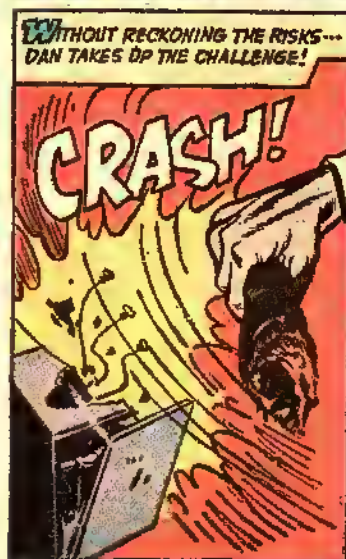
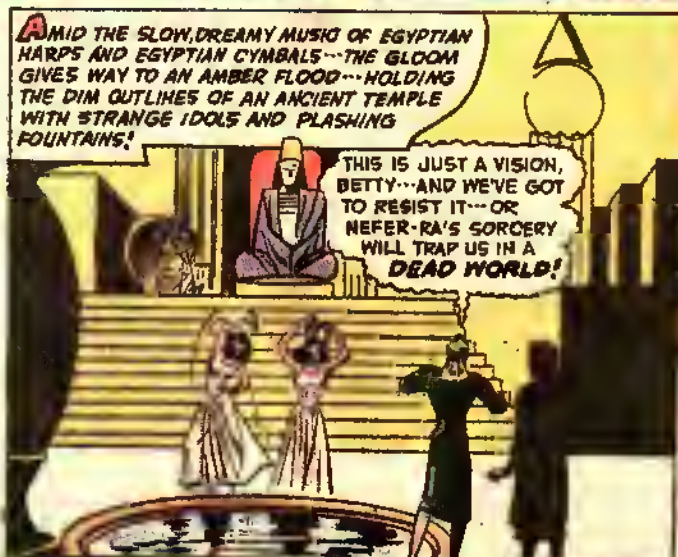


MINUTES LATER...

**BRR-R!** THIS IS AN AWFULLY DARK NIGHT TO BE TRAILING THINGS THAT AREN'T HUMAN!

CHIN UP! THERE'S THE OLD OAK...AND THE LIGHT FROM DAN'S APPARATUS!







**AS IF DIVINING DAN'S THOUGHTS...NEFER-RA TURNS-- HIS FACE A MASK OF GRISLY TRIUMPH!**

**MY HANDS...ARE CLOSE... VERY CLOSE! TELL HIM...TO DO... AS I COMMAND!**

**NO! IF THE DIRECTION FINDER HELPS YOU... I'LL TRAMPLE ON THE PIECES BEFORE YOU USE IT!**



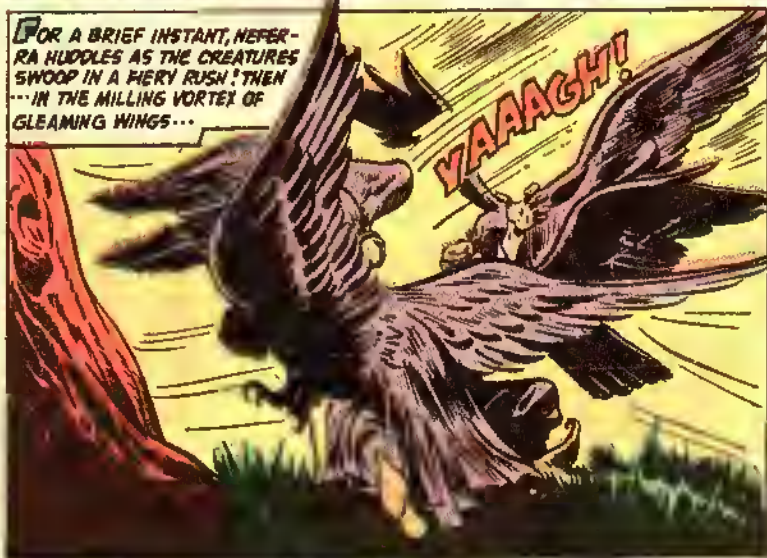
**SUDDENLY...AS THE SORCERER'S GLINTING EYES FLASH NEARER...**

**MARCIA... LOOK! THOSE FLAPPING THINGS ARE CIRCLING AGAIN!**

**THE BAG...THE BAG! THE ANCIENT SPIRITS HAVE FOUND ME!**



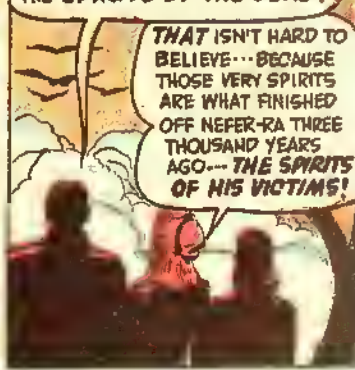
**FOR A BRIEF INSTANT, NEFER-RA HUGGLES AS THE CREATURES SWOOP IN A FERY RUSH! THEN...IN THE MILLING VORTEX OF GLEAMING WINGS...**



**AS THE WINGED AVENGERS SOAR SKYWARD...DISAPPEARING IN A FIBRY SWIRL...**

**BAS! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, MARCIA...BUT THAT'S THE NAME THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS GAVE TO THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD!**

**THAT ISN'T HARD TO BELIEVE...BECAUSE THOSE VERY SPIRITS ARE WHAT FINISHED OFF NEFER-RA THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO...THE SPIRITS OF HIS VICTIMS!**



**THERE WAS A REASON FOR THEIR FOLLOWING ME ACROSS THE ATLANTIC... AND KEEPING WATCH OUTSIDE MY STUDIO! THEY WERE KEEPING TABS ON THE REMAINS OF NEFER-RA'S MUMMY...TO MAKE SURE HE'D NEVER REVIVE! BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY DISAPPEARED EVERY FOUR HOURS DURING THE VOYAGE...AND AGAIN TONIGHT...UNTIL THE VERY LAST MOMENT!**



**IN OTHER WORDS...UNTIL THE DIRECTION FINDER WAS SMASHED! SOMETHING ABOUT ITS FREQUENCY PREVENTED THE BAS FROM LOCATING NEFER-RA...JUST AS THE SHIP'S PERIODIC RADIO SIGNALS THREW THEM OFF THE TRAIL! THAT'S WHY NEFER-RA WANTED THE DIRECTION FINDER...HE KNEW THE SPIRITS WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO FIND HIM AS LONG AS THE DEVICE WAS SWITCHED ON!**



**WELL, THE ROBOT SEEMS DOILE ENOUGH TO BE LED BACK TO THE LAB...BUT WHAT'S HE STARING AT?**

**JUST THE REMAINS OF NEFER-RA, DAN... THE BROWN PIGMENT THAT USED TO BE KNOWN AS MUMMY!**



**THE SPIRIT OF FRANKENSTEIN REACHES A NEW HEIGHT OF HAIR-RAISING SUSPENSE... IN THE NEXT ISSUE!**



EDITOR



Greetings, all you "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" fans! It's publication time again, and we're bringing you this latest issue of your favorite magazine with the hope that you'll find it the best yet! Just between us all, we're doing our level best to make this the best supernatural book ever published. Doing that calls for a constant succession of topnotch stories that will thrill you, hold you spellbound, captivate and challenge your imagination . . . which is a tall order! We can't do it by continually presenting the same type of stories. That's why our writers, editors and research experts are ever on the alert for new slants, for original ideas, for fresh and gripping material culled from out the great realm of the *Unknown*. That's why our stories are continually *different*. Let's take this issue, for instance. It starts off with "*The Boy*

*Who Cried Wolf*," a new, fast-paced and experimental thriller—and we hope you'll like it! And then there's "*The Vampire's Castle*." You've asked for vampire stories, all of you—so here's a new type! As for "*Vision of Death*," we're sure you'll admit that here's a supernatural yarn that challenges from start to finish! And, just to be different, we're bringing you "*The Civic Spirit*"—ghosts that pack a *laugh*! Add "*Spirit of Frankenstein*," back for a repeat command performance, season well with other great headline features, and *presto*! That's this issue—and we want to find out what you think of it! Won't you write us—please?

A lot of you have been writing us. Mind if we present a cross-section of what you've been saying? We'll close our eyes, dip into our mailbag—and here goes!

"Dear Sirs:

Hurray for '*Adventures Into the Unknown*!' Your comic book is *tops*! I have always been interested in the supernatural, and think the stories in your book are *swell*! That goes for the drawing, too. Stories I've liked are '*The Werewolf Stalks*,' '*Phantom of the Seas*,' '*The Vampire Prowls*,' '*Back to Yesterday*,' and '*The Spirit of Frankenstein*.' Why not a series on motion pictures—Boris Karloff and Lon Chaney, Jr. stuff? Meanwhile, I'm saving all your books—keep up the good work! Yours till Frankenstein's Monster meets Count Dracula!

—Terry Walsh, Chicago, Ill."

"Dear Editor:

I'm 14 years old and used to read all kinds of comics, but since I read the first issue of '*Adventures Into the Unknown*,' it seems centuries till the next issue comes. It's *wonderful* to read this exciting magazine—there's no comic like it! Every friend in my neighborhood can't wait to get hold of it. *Please*—publish it more often!

—Abraham Feldman, Bronx, N. Y."

"Dear Sirs:

*Wow*! Your comic book is *terrific*! Never before have I read such stories! They're *tops* and your covers are great—but there's one thing I *don't* like about '*Adventures Into the Unknown*.' It's only published every two months! But—keep up the good work! My favorite story has been '*Back to Yesterday*'—please, please publish more stories like that! I'm saving your books so I can make a volume of supernatural stories for my library!

—Hank T. Sypniewski"

"Dear Editor:

In your preceding issues of '*Adventures Into the Unknown*,' I have read all the letters of congratulation and admiration directed toward your comic, and I wish to contribute my share of the bravos. I think it's *wonderful*! Like Mr. Parry, whose letter appeared in No. 7, I, too, have been collecting your books, and it's a collection to be proud of! Forever an ardent fan—

—Sue Trammell, Jacksonville, Fla."

We appreciate the nice things you've been saying, fans, and are taking your suggestions to heart. Let's hope they'll make "*Adventures Into the Unknown*" a bigger, bet-

ter magazine—the kind you deserve—the kind we want to bring you! Our next issue will be an all-star number, so—take our advice and see that you *don't miss it*!



SO YOU  
DIDN'T BELIEVE  
IT COULD  
HAPPEN,  
EH?

# The CIVIC SPIRIT

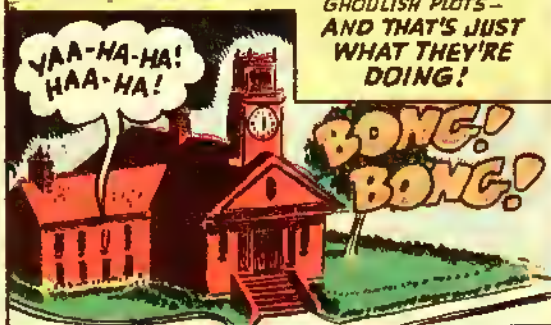
WHO **WOULD**  
BELIEVE IT — EVEN  
IF THEY **DID** KNOW  
THE WHOLE  
STORY?



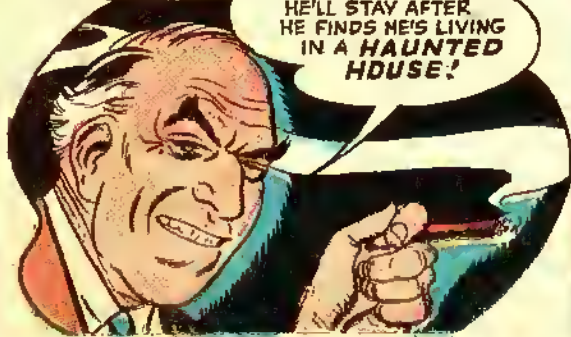
**D**ON'T TRY TO GUESS WHAT GOES ON HERE —  
BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T A **GHOST** OF A  
CHANCE! WE'LL HAVE TO START FROM THE  
BEGINNING — BACK TO THE TERRIBLE  
MOMENT WHEN A GROUP OF CROOKED  
POLITICAL BOSSES DECIDED TO  
TEAM UP WITH THE  
**SUPERNATURAL!**

LET'S VISIT THE CITY HALL IN A SMALL EASTERN  
CITY — JUST AS ITS CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE!  
IT'S THE HUSHED HOUR WHEN SINISTER CREATURES  
ARE SUPPOSED TO GATHER AND HATCH THEIR

GHOUlish PLOTS —  
AND THAT'S JUST  
WHAT THEY'RE  
DOING!

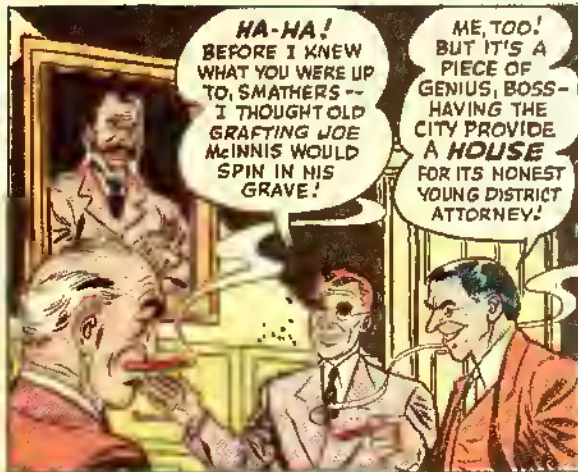


THE IDEA IS TO GET RID OF TOM BAILEY — BEFORE  
HE GETS RID OF **US!** HE CAN'T CONTINUE HIS  
INFERNAL INVESTIGATIONS IF HE LEAVES TOWN  
— AND I DON'T THINK  
HE'LL STAY AFTER  
HE FINDS HE'S LIVING  
IN A **HAUNTED**  
HOUSE!

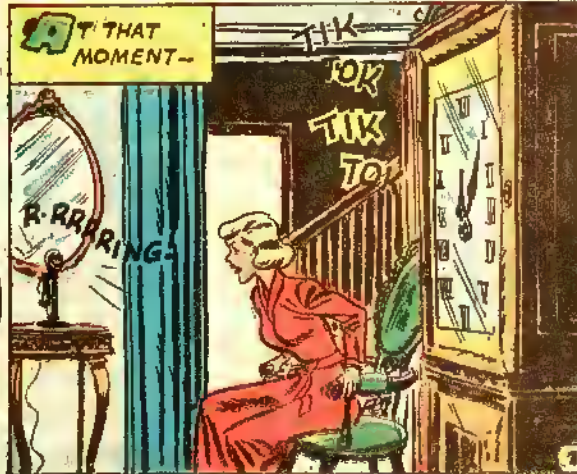


**HA-HA!**  
BEFORE I KNEW  
WHAT YOU WERE UP  
TO, SMATHERS —  
I THOUGHT OLD  
GRAFTING JOE  
McINNIS WOULD  
SPIN IN HIS  
GRAVE!

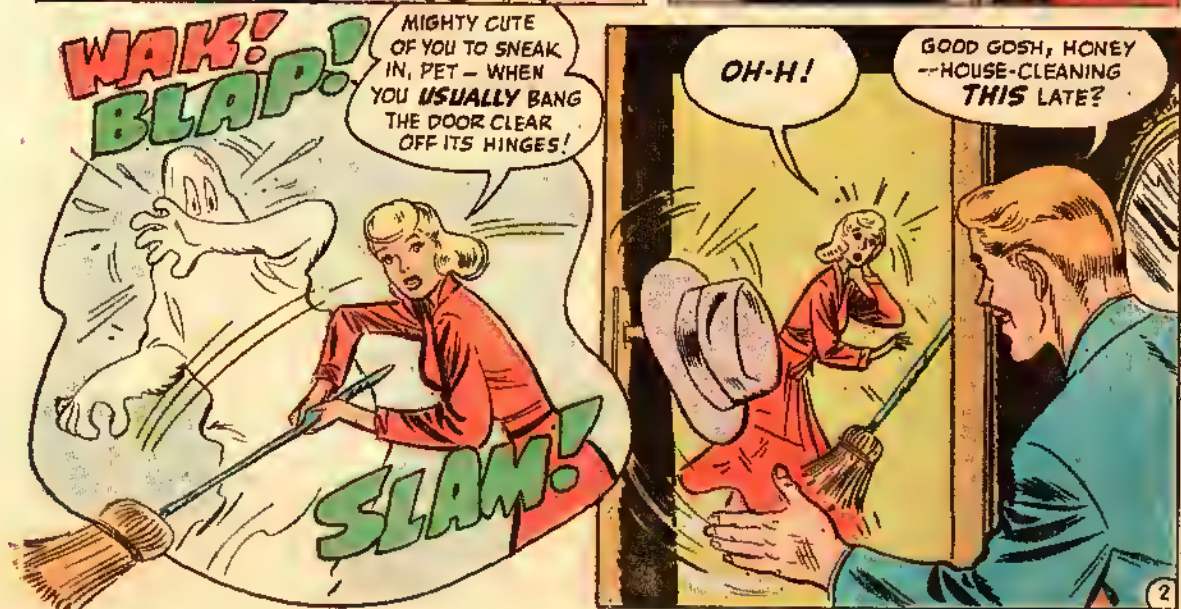
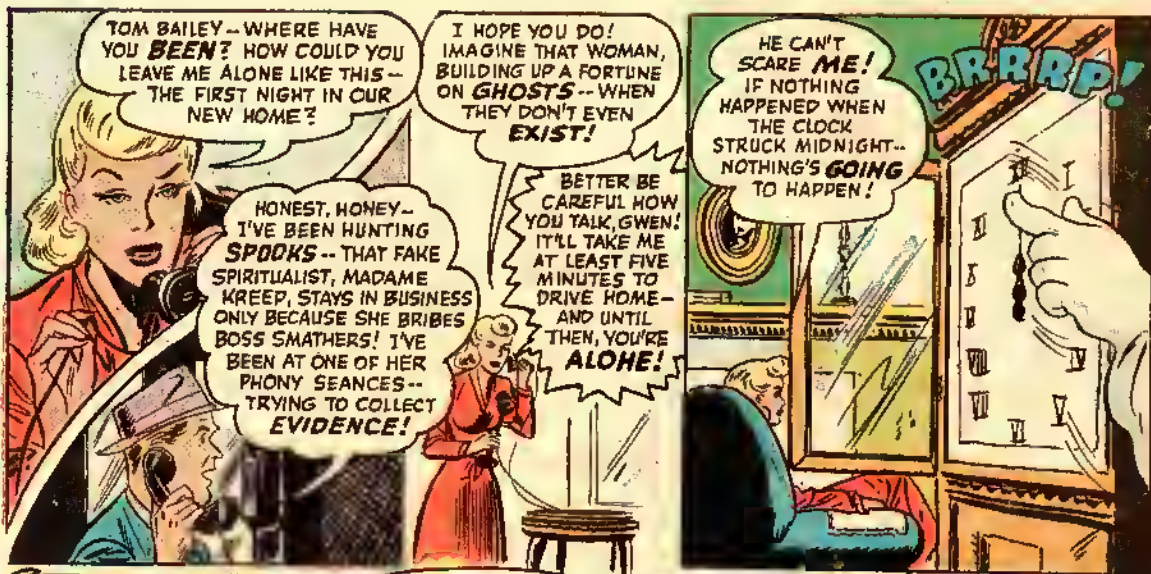
ME, TOO!  
BUT IT'S A  
PIECE OF  
GENIUS, BOSS —  
HAVING THE  
CITY PROVIDE  
A **HOUSE**  
FOR ITS HONEST  
YOUNG DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY!



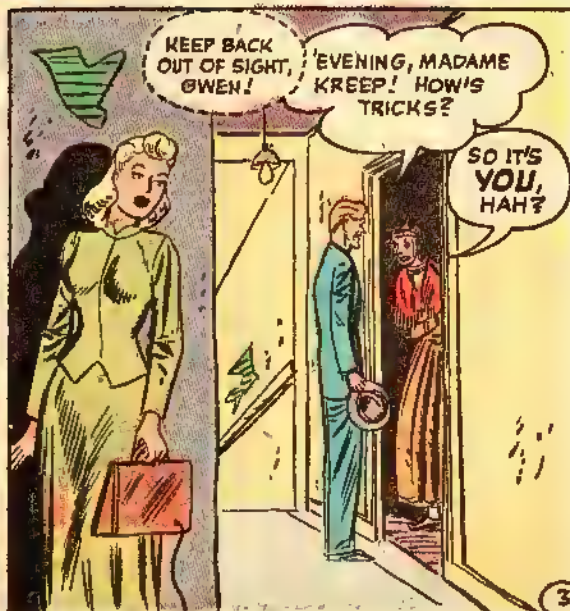
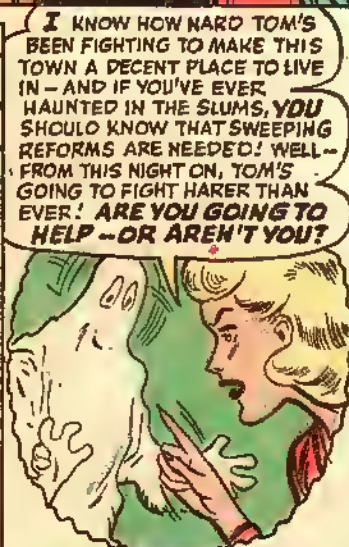
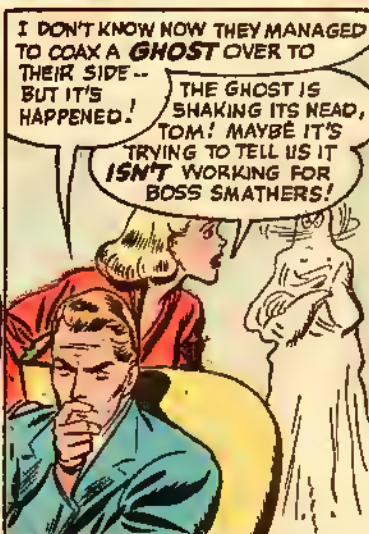
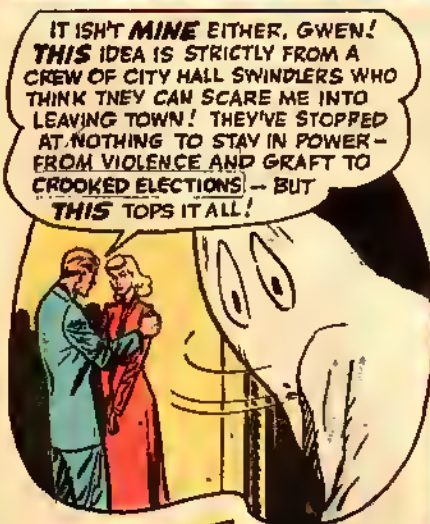
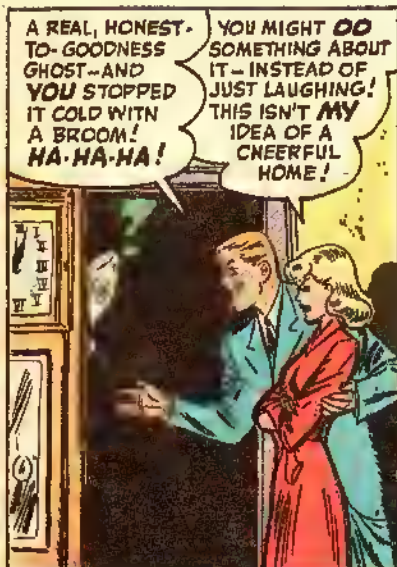
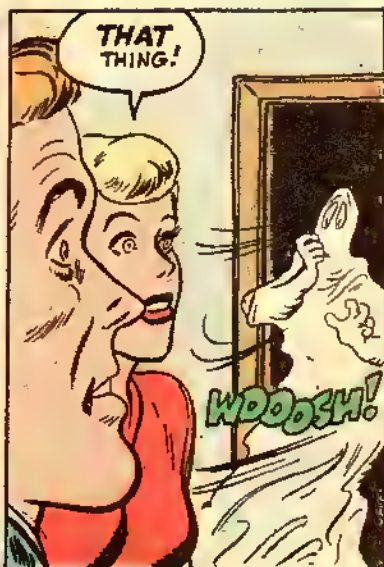
**AT THAT  
MOMENT —**



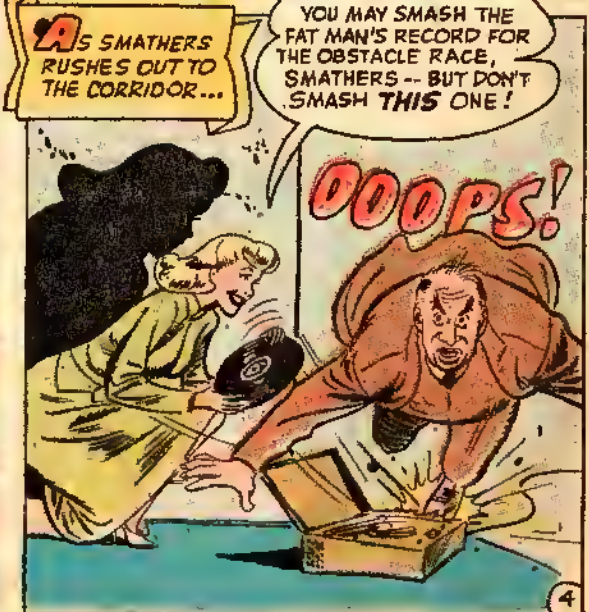
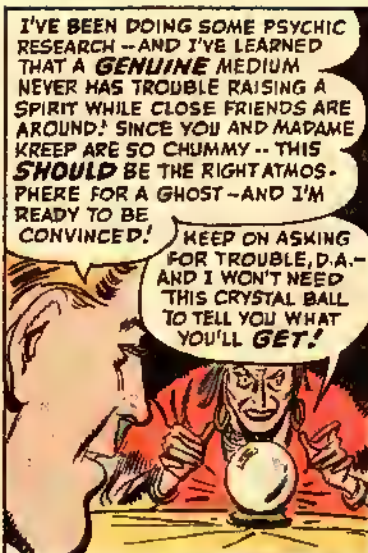




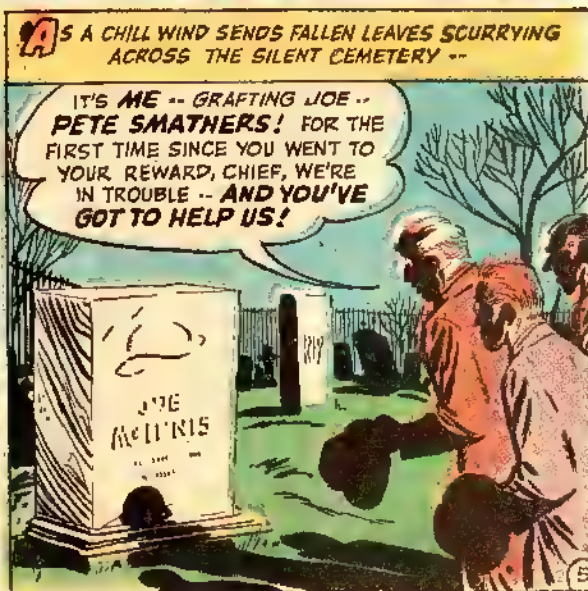
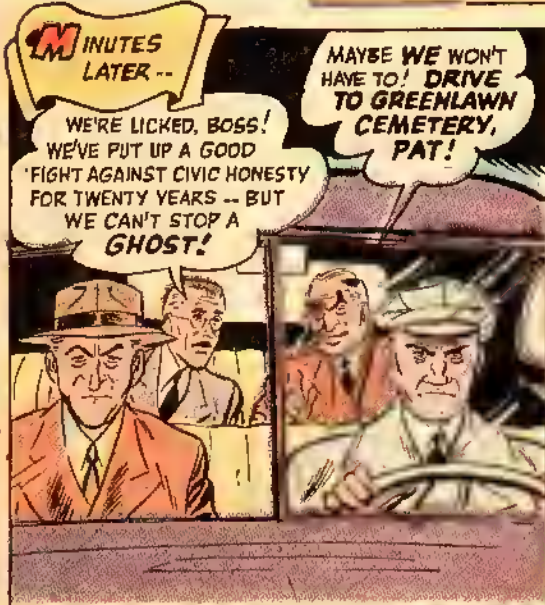
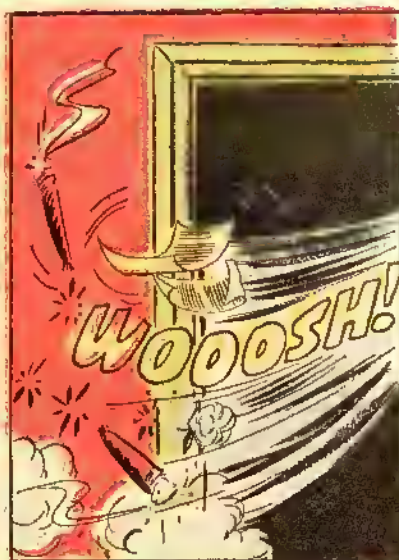
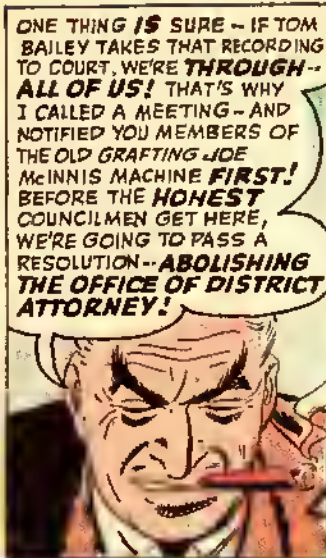














**A** SLOW MINUTE PASSES-- MARKED BY NOTHING BUT A WAITING COUGH AND THE IMPATIENT SCRAPE OF FEET...

IT'S NO USE, BOSS-- HE'S THROUGH WITH POLITICS!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, GRAFTING JOE! THE WHOLE MACHINE WILL BE SWEEPED OUT OF OFFICE-- AND THAT INCLUDES FIVE NEPHEWS AND THREE SON-IN-LAWS OF YOURS!



IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT-- B'UT ARE YOU SURE HE'S ON OUR SIDE?

WHAT DO YOU THINK HE'S GOT THOSE NORMS FOR-- CLEAN GOVERNMENT?... LISTEN, GRAFTING JOE-- YOU'VE GOT TO GET THOSE TWO INCRIMINATING RECORDS AWAY FROM TOM BAILEY, THE D.A.! AND IF A CERTAIN TWO-TIMING SPOOK INTERFERES--

SLAP HIM DOWN!



**MINUTES LATER --**

HERE'S ANOTHER PIECE OF EVIDENCE WHICH WILL SEND SMATHERS AND HIS CREW TO THE PENITENTIARY. GWEN! IT'S A LIST OF TWENTY NAMES REGISTERED AS VOTERS FOR THE SMATHERS' MACHINE -- AND ALL OF THEM WERE COPIED FROM HEADSTONES IN THE CEMETERY!

WAIT, TOM! I FEEL A DRAFT! THE FRONT DOOR MUST HAVE BLOWN OPEN!



**THEN--**

**EEK!**

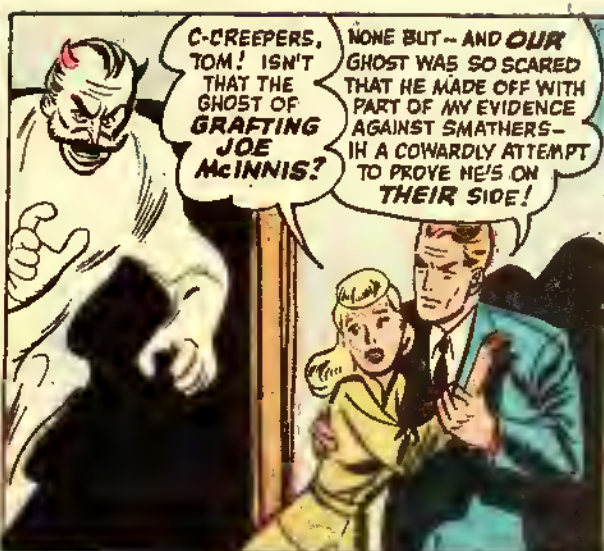
TOM--THERE'S SOMETHING AWFUL COMING IN!







MY LIST!...  
HEY - COME  
BACK HERE!



C-CREEPERS,  
TOM! ISN'T  
THAT THE  
GHOST OF  
GRAFTING  
JOE  
McINNIS?

NONE BUT - AND OUR  
GHOST WAS SO SCARED  
THAT HE MADE OFF WITH  
PART OF MY EVIDENCE  
AGAINST SMATHERS -  
IN A COWARDLY ATTEMPT  
TO PROVE HE'S ON  
THEIR SIDE!



I STILL HAVE THOSE  
RECORDINGS - AND IT'S  
GOING TO TAKE MORE  
THAN THE GHOST OF A  
TIN-HORN POLITICIAN  
TO MAKE ME GIVE  
THEM UP!

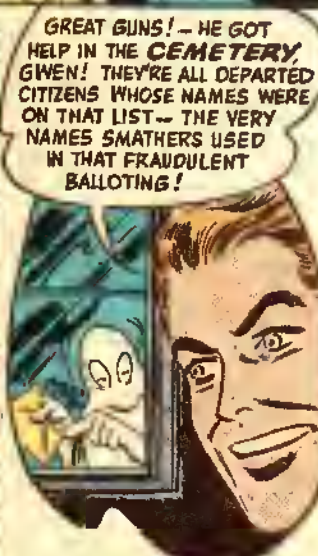
TOM -  
LOOK OUT!  
IT HAS US  
TRAPPED!

CRASH!



POW!  
SOCK!

SUDDENLY-



GREAT GUNS! - HE GOT  
HELP IN THE CEMETERY,  
GIVEN! THEY'RE ALL DEPARTED  
CITIZENS WHOSE NAMES WERE  
ON THAT LIST - THE VERY  
NAMES SMATHERS USED  
IN THAT FRAUDULENT  
BALLOTING!



MINUTES  
LATER -

YE GODS, SMATHERS -  
I THOUGHT YOU SAID  
EVERYTHING WOULD BE  
HUKKY-DORY WHEN  
GRAFTING JOE  
GOT BACK!

S-SOMETHING  
TELLS ME - (GUFF!)  
... HE'S LOST  
HIS GRIP!

CAN YOU GUESS  
NOW WHAT WAS  
TAKING PLACE IN THAT  
SCENE WE SAW IN  
THE CEMETERY,  
READER?

WELL - WE'LL TELL 'EM!  
SMATHERS LOST CONTROL  
OF THE CITY - AND GRAFTING  
JOE LOST CONTROL OF THE  
GHOSTS! AFTER ALL THESE  
YEARS - OUR GHOST IS  
HEADING A REFORM  
MOVEMENT IN THE  
CEMETERY!



Daily Blade  
CORRUPT  
OFFICIALS  
RESIGN!  
SPOILS SYSTEM  
FOUNDED BY  
GRAFTING-JOE  
COMES TO AN END!

THE  
ENO



# DEATH of a CRITIC

**R**OBERT PRESTON, drama critic for the *World-Herald*, sat down at his typewriter with an air of obvious relish. This was his sole pleasure in life—tearing a play to pieces with words of bitter mockery. Preston exulted in the power of life or death he had over a new play, for when he flayed one in his daily column, the crowds stayed away from it in droves—and the play folded within a week. And that was why he felt a tingling anticipation as he began typing—because he knew his acid words would sound the death knell for the play he had just seen.

"*The Rajah's Daughter*," Preston wrote, "presented by a thoroughly incompetent new producer last night at the Regal Theatre, is the most moronic exhibition ever seen. The heroine—"

Preston hesitated. The heroine, a young Hindu girl of extraordinary beauty and talent, had been good—as a matter of fact, she had been the most accomplished new actress he had seen in years. But if he wrote that she was excellent, it would nullify his attack on the play, which he hadn't understood at all. And since Preston hated anything that was over his head, he made his decision—he'd blast the actress too! But just as he was casting about in his mind for the mocking words he would use to describe the girl, a soft, menacing voice behind him said, "Stop! You've got to be fair to her!"

Preston whirled in his chair and gasped at the tall, turbaned Hindu who stood in the room, arms crossed. "How . . . how did you get in here?" he gasped. "The door was locked!"

"We of the East ignore locks and doors," the Hindu said. "But you will not ignore the truth when you write about my daughter! She is extremely sensitive, with a fragile soul. I do not ask that you write lies about her. She will be the greatest

actress the East has ever produced—merely write the truth! You have been warned!"

Enraged, Preston reached into a desk drawer for his revolver, shouting, "How dare you threaten me? Get out of here or I'll—"

But when he looked up, gun in hand, the Hindu was gone. Preston couldn't understand his strange disappearance, but he was thoroughly angered now—and his mind was made up. When he got finished writing about that girl, they'd laugh her out of town!

The next evening, he read his column in the paper with huge satisfaction. He'd really thrown every barbed, contemptuous word in the dictionary at her. Then, his eye strayed to the next column, a short item telling of the suicidal leap from the ninth floor of her hotel by the actress who had starred in "*The Rajah's Daughter*."

Shaken for a moment, Preston shrugged and laughed it off. "That's the way it goes," he told himself. "The weak die and the strong survive!" Idly, he tossed the paper away—and suddenly gasped with horror as a pair of white, disembodied hands materialized out of nothingness and grasped it. A finger pointed to his column, and the hands began advancing slowly, slowly towards him.

Terror-stricken, afraid that he wasn't imagining things, Preston backed away . . . back . . . back—away from those ghostly hands! Then the hands made a sudden lunge for him, and Preston threw himself backwards—and suddenly felt himself crashing through the French windows—and out into space!

And as he hurtled downwards, just before he crashed to the sidewalk, Preston thought he heard the laughter of the Fates above him.



# VISION of DEATH



EVER FIND YOURSELF WALKING DOWN A STREET... A STREET YOU KNEW YOU'D NEVER SEEN... AND YET EXPERIENCE THE EERIE, FRIGHTENING SENSATION THAT SOMETIME, IN THE SHADY PAST, YOU'D BEEN THERE BEFORE? IT'S STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS... BUT IT'S HAPPENED TO MANY OF US! BUT ALEX CARTER HAD AN EVEN STRANGER VISION... WHEN FATE JOINED UP WITH THE FORCES OF THE UNKNOWN, BRINGING HIM THE PICTURE OF HIS OWN DEATH!

THE STATE PRISON DEATH CELL... ALEX CARTER GRANTS A LAST INTERVIEW...

SO YOU WANT TO KNOW THE STORY OF MY LIFE... THE **TRUE** STORY, EH? WELL, THERE ARE SOME FACTS WHICH **DIDN'T** COME OUT AT MY TRIAL... BUT SINCE I'M GOING TO DIE ANYWAY, I MIGHT AS WELL SPILL 'EM!... **GET READY FOR THE SURPRISE OF YOUR LIFE, MR. REPORTER!**

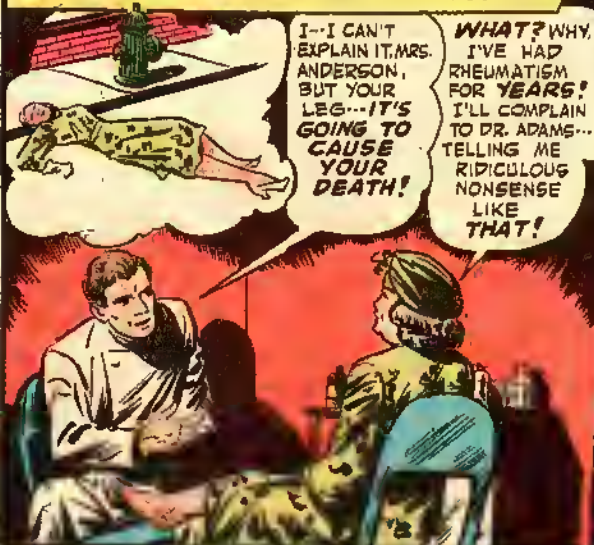


IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I WAS A DOCTOR ON THE STAFF OF THE FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL! I'D BEEN HAVING STRANGE, DISTURBING NIGHTMARES, AND THEY INTERFERED WITH MY WORK! I COULDN'T SEEM TO CONCENTRATE ON MY PATIENTS... THE CHIEF BAWLED ME OUT CONSTANTLY...





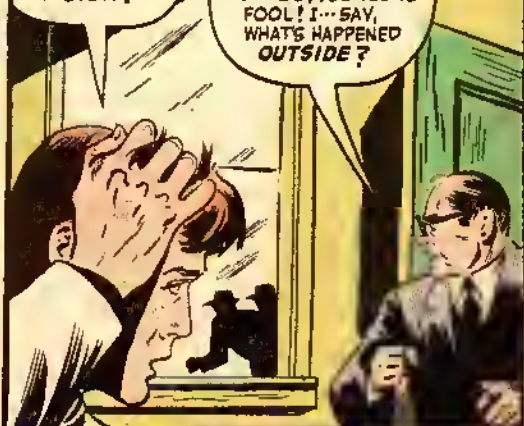
"THERE WAS ONE PATIENT...A WEALTHY WOMAN WITH A RHEUMATIC LEG WHO'D CONTRIBUTED LARGE SUMS TO THE HOSPITAL...I HAD TO TREAT HER CAREFULLY! AS I EXAMINED HER, I FELT AN ODD, SWIRLING SENSATION...AND AN AWFUL IMAGE FORMED BEFORE MY EYES!"



Later...

I MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY, BLABBING ALL THAT BECAUSE OF A STUPID VISION!

I JUST SAW MRS. ANDERSON, AND SHE'S TOLD ME SHE'LL CONTRIBUTE NO MORE MONEY TO THIS HOSPITAL! YOU'RE FIRED, YOU YOUNG FOOL! I... SAY, WHAT'S HAPPENED OUTSIDE?



SHE WALKED RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY CAR...AND HER LEG SEEMED TO GIVE WAY! SHE COULDN'T GET OUT OF THE PATH OF THE CAR IN TIME!

YOU SEE? YOU SCARED HER SO SHE DIDN'T EVEN SEE THAT AUTO COMING! IT'S YOUR FAULT! YOU KILLED HER!



THAT WAS IT...MY FIRST GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE! IT CAUSED HER DEATH AND THE LOSS OF MY JOB! AND DR. ADAMS MADE SURE THAT I COULDN'T GET ANOTHER! BUT WORSE THAN THAT, I HAD THE AWFUL FEELING THAT I'D HAVE MORE VISIONS...WITH EVEN MORE HORRIBLE RESULTS!



"HOW RIGHT I WAS! IT WAS WEEKS LATER WHEN I SAW THIS MAN...AND A TERRIFYING IMAGE..."



"WHY RUN, WHEN THIS WAS FATE? HE'D FIND ME...KILL ME! AND SO I FOLLOWED HIM, KNOWING THAT THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY OUT!"

IF I'M GOING TO SAVE MYSELF, I... I'VE GOT TO FINISH HIM OFF, FIRST!





"HIS OFFICE WAS MARKED **MEDICAL PUBLICATIONS**! AS A DOCTOR, MAYBE I COULD GET A JOB THERE...WATCH HIM UNTIL I SAW MY CHANCE..."



HMMM...I **COULD** USE A PHYSICIAN FOR TECHNICAL ARTICLES! I'D BE HAPPY TO HAVE YOU JOIN OUR STAFF!

THANKS, MR. PRENTISS! YOU DON'T **REALIZE** WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU!



"**IRONICALLY**, PRENTISS SEEMED TO TAKE A LIKING TO ME! THEN CAME A DAY...A DAY I WISH HAD NEVER DAWNED..."

WE OUGHT TO BE MORE FRIENDLY, OLD MAN...AND I'M THROWING A LITTLE PARTY TONIGHT! THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT?

WHY, I... SUPPOSE SO!



HIS FIANCEE WAS THERE! SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL...AND FLIRTATIOUS! SHE LOOKED AT ME ONCE...AND I REALIZED **WHY** PRENTISS WOULD TRY TO KILL ME!



ALEX, MEET **ANGELA**...THE GIRL I'M GOING TO MARRY! I KNOW YOU TWO ARE GOING TO BE GOOD FRIENDS!

I'M SURE WE WILL...**VERY GOOD FRIENDS!**



"IT WAS A GOOD PARTY, BUT I WANTED NONE OF IT...OR OF **HER**! I HAD TO STOP IT...THE INEVITABLE FLOW OF EVENTS THAT WAS SO SURELY MOVING...**TOWARD MY DEATH!**"

SO THERE YOU ARE! HOW CAN WE BECOME FRIENDLY IF YOU...



PLEASE... **KEEP AWAY FROM ME!**

**ANGELA!** I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU...AND NOW I FIND YOU **HERE!** ER...WOULD YOU MIND IF I TALKED TO ALEX...**ALONE?**





SURELY YOU  
DON'T THINK  
THAT SHE...  
I...

IT ISN'T THAT... BUT I KNOW SO  
WELL WHAT SHE IS! BUT I  
CAN'T HELP MYSELF... I LOVE  
HER DESPERATELY!



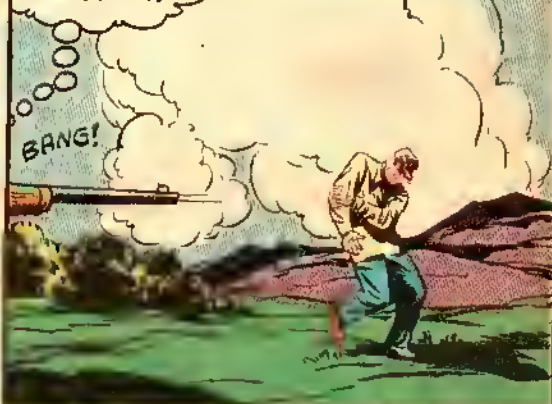
"HIS WORDS SOUNDED CON-  
VINCING... BUT I DIDN'T BELIEVE  
HIM! I WAS SURE THAT HE WAS JEAL-  
OUS, THAT HE WAS LYING WHEN HE  
PRETENDED NOT TO RESENT ME!  
HE HATED ME... WANTED ME TO  
RELAX MY GUARD SO HE COULD  
STRIKE! I FELT THE COILS CLOSING  
ABOUT ME, AND KNEW I HADN'T MUCH  
TIME LEFT! I HAD TO GET HIM...  
SOON... BUT HOW? THE ANSWER  
CAME SOON..."

ALEX MUST BE A GOOD SHOT... HE  
SURE SEEMED **EAGER** WHEN I  
INVITED HIM ON THIS HUNTING  
PARTY!



"PRENTISS HAD PLAYED RIGHT INTO MY HANDS! YES, I  
WANTED TO GO HUNTING... BUT NOT FOR DEER! I WAITED  
FOR MY CHANCE... AND THEN..."

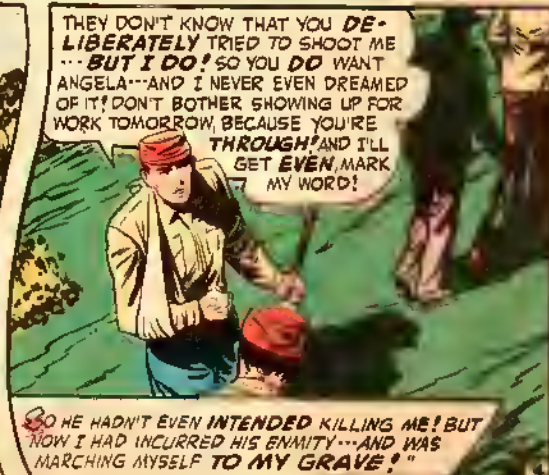
HE'S ALONE...  
AND IN THE  
OPEN! NOW!



DON'T FEEL SO BAD, CARTER... IT  
WAS AN ACCIDENT! HE'S OKAY...  
LUCKY YOU DIDN'T **KILL** HIM!



THEY DON'T KNOW THAT YOU **DE-  
LIBERATELY** TRIED TO SHOOT ME  
... **BUT I DO!** SO YOU **DO** WANT  
ANGELA... AND I NEVER EVEN DREAMED  
OF IT! DON'T BOTHER SHOWING UP FOR  
WORK TOMORROW, BECAUSE YOU'RE  
**THROUGH!** AND I'LL  
GET **EVEN**, MARK  
MY WORD!



SO HE HADN'T EVEN INTENDED KILLING ME! BUT  
NOW I HAD INCURRED HIS ENMITY... AND WAS  
MARCHING MYSELF TO MY GRAVE!"



"AND SO ONCE AGAIN I WAS JOBLESS! THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT---BUT FEAR! I WANDERED, POVERTY DOGGING MY STEPS, SINKING LOWER AND LOWER---WAITING FOR THE VENGEANCE I KNEW WOULD STRIKE!"

"DEEP WITHIN ME WELLED THE KNOWLEDGE THAT SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN---SOON! AND A NEW VISION OCCURRED---SOMETHING UNEXPECTED!"



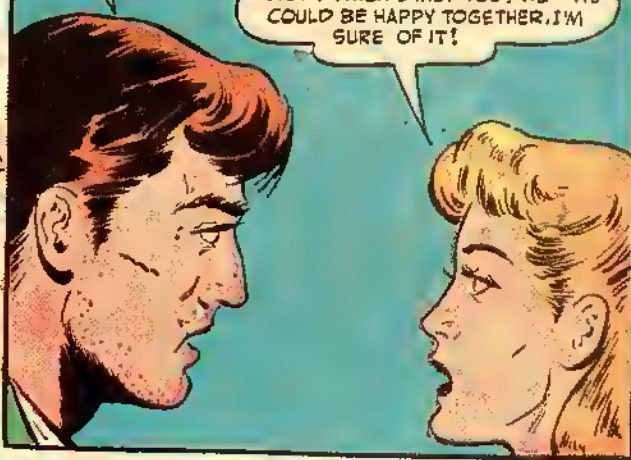
THAT IMAGE... IT **COULDN'T** BE! ANGELA AND I... TOGETHER? IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!**

ALEX! ALEX!

IT'S... IT'S YOU!

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU **EVERYWHERE!**

DONALD PRENTISS HAS GONE CRAZY WITH JEALOUSY... HE REALIZES THAT IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT WHEN I MET YOU! WE... WE COULD BE HAPPY TOGETHER, I'M SURE OF IT!



WELL, I COULDN'T FIGHT MY FATE--- NOT WHEN SHE DREW ME LIKE A MAGNET! WE WERE MARRIED AND FLED TOWN IMMEDIATELY! SHE NURSED ME BACK TO HEALTH AND SEEMED A CHANGED WOMAN... SOFTER---

YOU'RE--- LOVELY, DARLING! I THINK I'M WELL ENOUGH TO SET UP PRACTICE NOW--- AND I OWE IT ALL TO YOU!

WE'LL ALWAYS BE HAPPY TOGETHER... I KNOW IT!





"YES, WE WERE HAPPY TOGETHER... FOR A WHILE! THEN, HER ATTITUDE SEEMED TO CHANGE! SHE SEEMED TO AVOID ME... STARTED COMING HOME LATE! I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT... UNTIL..."

IT'S HIM... PRENTISS! HE'S FOUND US, AND SHE'S SEEING HIM AGAIN!



Later...

I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I SAW YOU WITH DONALD PRENTISS TODAY!

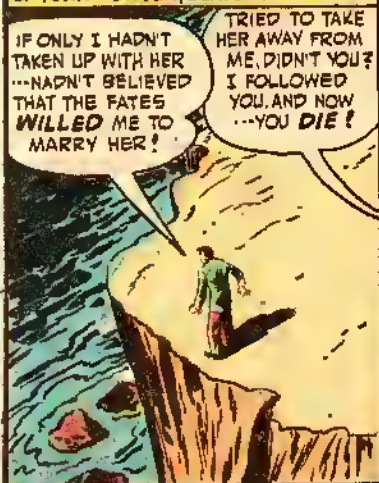
SO WHAT? I'M TIRED OF YOU AND YOUR COWARDLY WAYS! AND YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING TO BE AFRAID OF NOW! HE WANTS ME TO BE HIS WIFE... SO MUCH THAT HE'S GOING TO KILL YOU!



"PEAR GNAWING AT MY VITALS, I TURNED AND RAN... BLINDLY! I FOUND MYSELF AT THE TOP OF A CLIFF, OUTSIDE OF TOWN... BITTER, BEATEN!"

IF ONLY I HADN'T TAKEN UP WITH HER... HADN'T BELIEVED THAT THE FATES WILLED ME TO MARRY HER!

TRIED TO TAKE HER AWAY FROM ME, DIDN'T YOU? I FOLLOWED YOU, AND NOW... YOU DIE!



PRENTISS! NO... NO... KEEP AWAY!

SHE'S THE ONLY THING I EVER LOVED... SO NOW I'M GOING TO... OOF!



HE STUMBLED, LOWERING THE GUN... AND I SAW MY CHANCE! DESPERATELY I CHARGED... WE GRAPPLED AT THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF...



HELP! HELP! AI-EEEE!



I'M FREE! I'VE BEATEN THE FATES! THE MAN WHO WAS GOING TO KILL ME... I'VE FINISHED HIM! I'VE WON!



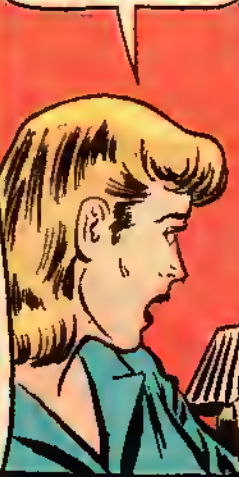


"THE CLIFF WAS IN A REMOTE SPOT... HIS BODY WOULD NEVER BE FOUND! NO ONE WOULD EVER SUSPECT ME... NO ONE BUT ANGELA! I CAUGHT HER LOOKING AT ME STRANGELY, AND THE SUSPENSE MOUNTED! I HAD TO DO SOMETHING!"



THE STRAIN...IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME! I'M GOING OUT OF MY HEAD...HARDLY KNOW WHAT I'M DOING ANY MORE! BUT I...I'VE GOT TO STOP HER FROM TALKING!

ALEX! WHY...WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY?



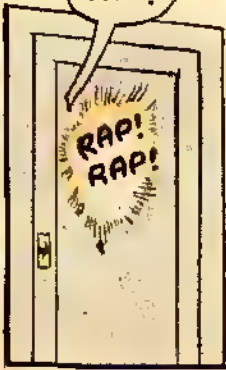
DON'T BE AFRAID, MY DEAR! ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS WRITE A LITTLE NOTE SAYING YOU'RE TIRED OF ME, AND ARE RUNNING AWAY! AND YOU'LL DO IT... OR ELSE!



I...I'VE WRITTEN IT, JUST AS YOU WANTED! BUT THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYES! DON'T COME ANY CLOSER... DON'T! HELP!

IT WAS DONE...AND HER PRESENCE WOULD NO LONGER BE A MENACE TO ME! I THOUGHT I WAS SAFE... UNTIL...

OPEN UP, IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!



LET ME GO! I DIDN'T KILL HER... SHE RAN AWAY FROM ME! I...I'LL EVEN SHOW YOU THE NOTE SHE LEFT!

I DON'T BLAME HER FOR LEAVING A MURDERER! SHE REPORTED HER SUSPICIONS OF YOU BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED! IT TOOK US A WHILE TO FIND THE BODY... AND NOW WE'RE ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF GONALD PRENTISS!



SO THAT'S WHY YOU FIND ME HERE, MR. REPORTER! EVEN IN DEATH, PRENTISS REACHED OUT AN AVENGING HAND!



YOU'RE WRONG, CARTER! I JUST GOT A CALL FROM THE GOVERNOR... AND YOU'VE BEEN REPRIEVED!

IT SEEMS THAT THAT WASN'T PRENTISS'S BODY THE POLICE FOUND, AFTER ALL! SOME OLD FOLKS JUST IDENTIFIED IT AS THEIR SON, FROM THE TATTOO MARKS IT CARRIED! YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE...BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN HOLD YOU ON!



NOT PRENTISS...BUT HOW...? THANKS, WARDEN!



I---I'M NOT GOING TO DIE! BUT YOU, MR. REPORTER...NOW YOU KNOW THAT I KILLED BOTH OF THEM! PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T TELL! I'LL DO ANYTHING IF... SAY, YOUR FACE! IT'S STARTING TO LOOK FAMILIAR...AS IF I'VE SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE! GREAT HEAVENS...YOU'RE NO REPORTER! YOU'RE...



A HOBO FOUND ME... BROUGHT ME BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS! AS I LAY THERE, GATHERING MY SENSES, I SUDDENLY GOT AN IDEA!

FEELIN' BETTER, MISTER?

YES...IT'S A... GOOD THING YOU HAPPENED ALONG! A VERY GOOD THING!



I CAME HERE TO WATCH YOU SUFFER...AS I HAVE...TO GLOAT AS I WATCHED YOUR LAST HOURS! I LOVED ANGELA... BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN REPRIEVED...



I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR NOT RECOGNIZING ME BEFORE...NOT WITH THE PLASTIC SURGERY I NEEDED AFTER THAT FALL OVER THE CLIFF! YOU SEE...I WASN'T KILLED IN THAT FALL, AFTER ALL!



THERE WAS A ROCK NEAR MY HAND...AND I KNEW NOBODY WOULD MISS HIM! I DRESSED HIM IN MY CLOTHES, AND MADE SURE HE COULDN'T BE RECOGNIZED! THEN...I CONTACTED ANGELA!

...SO THAT'S THE STORY! I WANT YOU TO GO TO THE POLICE! TELL THEM THAT CARTER THREATENED ME, AND THAT I'M MISSING! DON'T TELL THEM WHERE MY BODY IS SUPPOSED TO BE...YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THAT! CARTER'S HASH WILL BE SETTLED...AND WE CAN BE MARRIED THEN!



AND SO ALEX CARTER DIED...EXACTLY AS HIS VISION HAD WARNED! DID THESE STRANGE IMAGES FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN REALLY FORETELL THE FUTURE? BY TRYING TO AVERT HIS DEATH, DID HE BUT MAKE HIS END MORE CERTAIN? DOES DARK DESTINY SHAPE OUR COURSE? WHAT DO YOUR THINK, READER?





# UNCANNY MYSTERIES

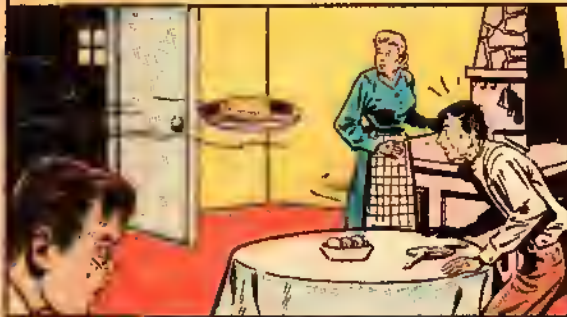
CASE of the UNINHABITABLE HOUSE!



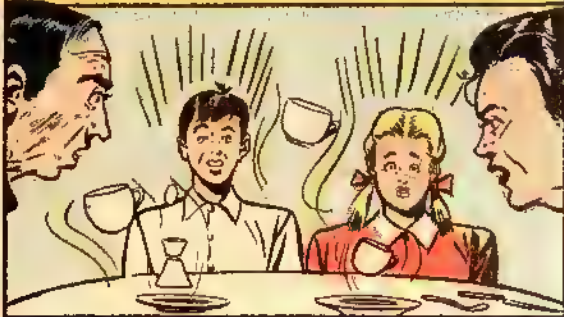
One of the weirdest cases ever to be reported by the American press was the story of the haunted house that couldn't be lived in--that drove its inhabitants out in terror! The place is a farmhouse 14 miles from Menomonie, Wisconsin... the time is October, 1873...and **THIS** is what happened...



**THE FIRST EVIDENCE OF AN UNCANNY FORCE IN THE HOUSE WAS THE UNBELIEVABLE FLOATING THROUGH THE AIR OF A KITCHEN PAN! WHAT STRANGE PRESENCE SUPPORTED IT?**



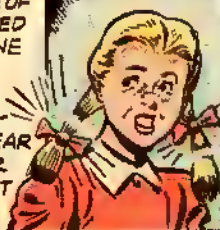
**THEN STRANGE DOINGS AT THE SUPPER TABLE--WHERE EGGS SUDDENLY ROSE FROM THEIR PLATTERS AND TEACUPS LEAPED UP AS IF PROPELLED BY SOME UNSEEN HAND!**



**SINCE THE PHENOMENA SEEMED TO CENTER AROUND ONE OF THE CHILDREN, THE INCREDULOUS PARENTS THOUGHT THE BOY WAS MERELY PLAYING TRICKS! BUT WHEN THEY TIED HIM TO A CHAIR, THE TEACUPS STILL DANCED AS MADLY AS EVER!**



BUT THE MOST HAIR-RAISING EXPERIENCE OF ALL OCCURRED THE DAY ONE OF THE CHILDREN WAS STANDING IDLY NEAR HER MOTHER. ONE MOMENT AND...



...THE NEXT MOMENT SUDDENLY FOUND THAT HER HAIR HAD BEEN SHEARED OFF BY SOME EERIE FORCE FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN!

**THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL INVESTIGATED THE STORY, BUT TO THIS DAY, THE CASE REMAINS AN UNEXPLAINED EXAMPLE OF THE SUPERNATURAL!**



Let's Go, Pal!  
I'll prove I can make you

# ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

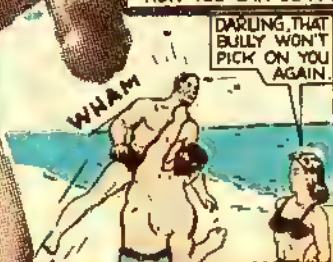
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trict, Atlantic City



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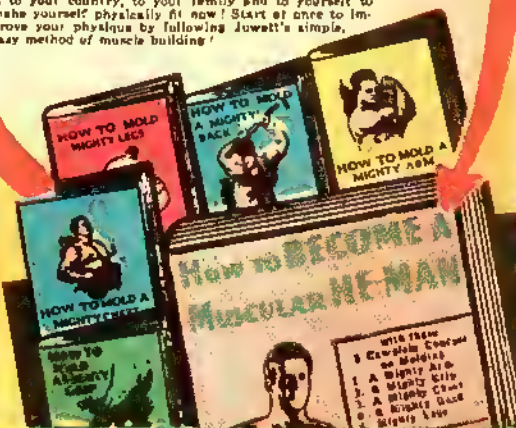
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# BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

## Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of other-wise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want to!*

## "He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

## Even Cute Girls Became Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-als she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good makeup "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, rule though you may be!



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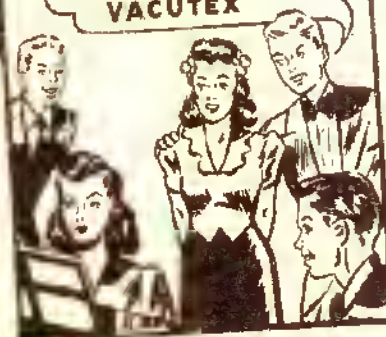
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WE HEARD ABOUT  
VACUTEX



No Squeezing  
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to Skin  
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Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extractor — and blackhead's out!

## TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

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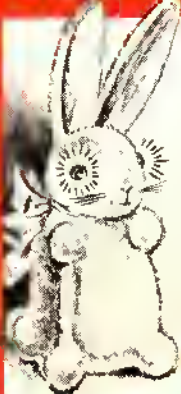
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